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No. 14.

MEMOIR

OF

MRS. CATHARINE M. DIMMICK.

BY L. F. DIMMICK,

PASTOR OF THE NORTH CHURCH, NEWBURYPORT.

'Life makes the soul dependent on the dust;
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres.'

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY T. R. MARVIN.

1846.

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TO

THE LADIES

OF THE

NORTH CHURCH AND SOCIETY, NEWBURYPORT,

THIS MEMOIR

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory Remarks — Her Birth and Parentage — Early Developements of Character — Death of her Father — Mother — The Breaking up of the Family, and her residence with her Uncle — Her School — Change of residence, 9

CHAPTER II.

Her Baptism — Early Religious Impressions — Conversion — Public Profession of Religion — Private Covenant with God — Her Pastor's Death — The Active Character of her Religion — Spheres in which she particularly endeavored to be useful — Her School — The Family — The Sabbath School — Visits to the Alms-House, ... 16

CHAPTER III.

Passages from her Journal, 1813—1820, ... 37

CHAPTER IV.

Her Marriage — The Views with which she entered on the duties of her new station, ... 77

CHAPTER V.

The province of Woman — Mrs. Dimmick's domestic virtues — Her special qualifications for a Clergyman's Wife, 82

CHAPTER VI.

Passages from her Journal, 1820—1829, ... 99

CHAPTER VII.

Her Love to her Kindred — Reference to her Letters to her Brother — Her Sister's sickness and death, ... 122

CHAPTER VIII.

A Journey in the spring and summer of 1829 — Extracts from Letters to her Husband during his absence in 1830, 131

CHAPTER IX.

Extracts of Letters to a Hesitating Inquirer — Some further Letters on kindred subjects, ... 149

CHAPTER X.

A severe Sickness in 1831 — The Death of her last Sister — Her notices of Revivals of Religion in 1831, and subsequently, ... 159

CHAPTER XI.

Family Letters — Letters to other Friends, ... 166

CHAPTER XII.

Her last Sickness and Death — Her Character — Tributes to her Memory, ... 189

MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory Remarks — Her Birth and Parentage — Early Developements of Character — Death of her Father — Mother — The Breaking up of the Family, and her Residence with her Uncle — Her School — Change of Residence.

A HUMAN being is an existence of great value, "created in the image of God." It is appointed to act a great part; to enter into the views and plans of God, and labor to promote them; and when it shall have accomplished its work, and shall receive in the end, from the sovereign Judge, the plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord;" it will have attained to a great end. It is difficult to write of such an existence, and write worthily; tracing from the beginning its developement; the impediments it has encountered; the temptations it has resisted; the providences of God which have favored it; the grace that has saved it; the manner in which it has performed its duties, borne its burdens, met its last conflict, and passed away to immortality. Even the

first openings of such an existence, have interest. The bud contains in it a correspondence to the flower, the fruit; the germ, to the tree. At the close, when the part appointed has been acted well, angels admire; and fellow mortals may ponder with profit and with praise.

The subject of the following Memoir, Miss Catharine Mather Marvin, was born in the city of Norwich, Ct., January 27, 1793. Her parents were Elihu and Elizabeth Marvin.

Catharine was the youngest of five daughters. The children were six in number, and all daughters, except the last. In childhood, according to the accounts given by herself and her sisters, she had a slender constitution. Great care was requisite in protecting and nurturing so frail a plant, to rear it up to maturity. Still she was sprightly. The *mental* developement was much in advance of the physical. She was intellectual, fond of reading, loved poetry, and showed a lively imagination. With these traits of character,—though the delicacy of her health deprived her of some of the advantages of the schools during her early years, her nature needing sedatives rather than stimulants,—she made good proficiency in knowledge. Her education was extensively a *home* education, and, more than is usually the case, a self-education. A native thirst for knowledge quickened research, and rendered its acquisition easy. She was ardent in her attachments, and dutiful.

At the age of a little more than five years, she lost her father. His place was supplied to the family, in part, by Mrs. Marvin's father, Dr. Theophilus Rogers, for about three years, till his death. At the age of a little less than sixteen, she lost her mother, and was thus left entirely an orphan.

Her father had been connected with the patriotic army of the Revolution, in which he had held a commission. He was a physician by profession, and highly respected as a medical practitioner, and also for the general excellences of his character. The following tribute was paid to his worth by a cotemporary fellow-citizen at the time of his decease. "September 13, 1798. Departed this life, on Friday morning, in the forty-fifth year of his age, of the yellow fever, General Elihu Marvin, whose enlightened understanding, whose philanthropic heart, whose pure principles, whose regular deportment and domestic virtues, distinguished his character. While society regret his loss as a citizen, all his acquaintances lament a friend. Though misfortune had shaded his life, it had not stained his integrity. He had improved by its painful instruction, and fell at a moment when prosperity was dawning upon him."

Her grandfather was also a physician, residing in Norwich. The following notice of his decease, appeared in the papers of the day. "September 24, 1801. Departed this life on Thursday last, after a long and distressing sickness, Dr. Theophilus Rogers, aged 70. Through the course of a long life devoted to the good of mankind in the practice of physic, he uniformly merited the character of an honest man, a valuable citizen, an eminent physician; his death is sensibly felt, and universally regretted by his friends and the public in general."

Her mother was originally Elizabeth Rogers, daughter of Dr. Theophilus Rogers, and a descendant, like others of that name in this country, from John Rogers the martyr. She was "a woman of a strong mind," "amiable and universally beloved by her acquaintances," during the latter part of her life a professed Christian, and "walked worthy of her vocation."

Miss Marvin was also, by her father's side, a descendant of the Mather family of Dorchester; in recognition of which was her middle name, Mather.

Soon after the death of her mother—the first of February following—the family was broken up, and Catharine was received into the family of an uncle, Benjamin Snow, Esq., of Norwich, who discharged the office of guardian to her in a kind, honorable, and faithful manner. Inheriting but little patrimony, she was of necessity, even at this early age, thrown, in no inconsiderable degree, upon her own resources. This, however, instead of being an injury, was of use to her, teaching her, from the beginning of active life, to depend much on herself, and aiding, doubtless, to form the character which she afterwards exhibited. Some spirits are crushed by difficulties and responsibilities. Others make them a means of developement and maturity.

Of her residence in the family of her uncle and guardian, he himself gives the following testimony. "Catharine commenced her residence in my family at the age of sixteen years, and continued eight years with us, without a blemish in her deportment. She was truly amiable, always kind and affectionate to all the inmates of the family. She was remarkable for accomplishing much in a little time. She was never known to be idle. When reading, her hands would often be employed in some other avocation, such as could be pursued while mental improvement was the main object. In this way she early read Rollin's Ancient History, and many other works."

Miss Marvin ever retained a grateful recollection of the kindness received from the family of her uncle. Thirty years afterward, June 13, 1842, she says: "I have many tender feelings towards them. A very important part of

my earthly pilgrimage was spent beneath their roof. I can never forget it. It lies, indeed, far back in the distance; yet I often, through the vista of the years that have rolled away, catch many a scene most vividly."

The incipient endeavors of human beings to take care of themselves, however feeble, are fraught with interest, as indicative of character, and as the first in a train of results, by which the value of life itself is to be estimated. In this view, Miss Marvin's first essay is not unworthy to be noticed.

At the age of a little less than seventeen, in the autumn of 1809, she opened a select school for young misses. This she did, not simply for the pecuniary consideration, though there was occasion for it on that account. But it was congenial to her nature, and accorded with the general energy of her character, to be active in some employment. In this school, of her own gathering, she continued till the autumn of 1815, about six years. Not much has been learned in regard to her methods of instruction; nor is it known that there was any thing very peculiar in her proceeding. She had the talent of awakening, eminently, in her scholars, interest in their pursuits. Numbers of them continued with her through several years. Mrs. S. L. Smith, who died in connection with the Palestine mission a few years since, was one of her pupils. "She was in the habit," says one who belonged to the number, "of giving an address to her scholars, every Saturday, in which the deportment of each during the week was noticed, in such a way as to correct their faults, and encourage every effort they had made for improvement." In general, she discharged the duties of a teacher, says one, "to the entire satisfaction of the parents and friends of the scholars," and in a manner "highly approved by the public at large." A friend has

mentioned some of her habits at this time, particularly the habit of early rising. Even in the winter she rose often at four o'clock for reading and study. This she did, that she might more thoroughly prepare herself for teaching; adding to her other efforts prayer for success, and for the moral qualifications which she felt to be needful.

She remembered her labors among her "little friends," as she sometimes called her pupils, with deep interest through her whole subsequent life. She loved to follow them in their various ways, and hear of their prosperity; and especially did it give her joy to learn of any of them, that they had "chosen the good part," and were devoting their lives to Christ, and to usefulness in the world. She would think, in regard to such, that perhaps her own early endeavors had constituted at least *a particle* of the influence which had led to the joyful result; and it was a high satisfaction. In a letter to a friend, Nov. 18, 1829, she says, "On looking back, I can see that many of the dear children who were once my pupils, have become, as is hoped, the children of God. I dare trace no connection between the two things; but it is a sweet thought, that it is so—that they have become reconciled to God through the blood of his Son." Would that young ladies, more extensively, would see in the business of teaching, an employment of high honor and utility. Faithfully performed, it will yield pleasure through subsequent life, and eternal consequences of peace and joy. To benefit the minds which God has made, is to do a work for immortality.

In the spring of 1815, Miss Marvin became a resident in the family of Richard Adams, Esq., of Norwich, as a companion to Mrs. Adams, and an assistant to her, particularly in the care and education of her children, some

of whom had been her pupils. In a short time she relinquished her school, that she might give her undivided attention to the new duties she had assumed. In this situation she continued till her marriage, in the spring of 1820. Of this period, a letter from a member of the family says, "To the children she was ever kind and attentive; at the same time she was a beloved companion to all the older members of the household."

To Mrs. Adams she afterwards wrote, Aug. 27, 1820, "I shall never cease to feel an interest in you and your family, as I must ever with gratitude recollect numerous favors and kindnesses received from you." And again, Sept. 4, 1821: "My obligation to you for many kindnesses does not diminish at all in my esteem since I have been favored by a good Providence with a home of my own."

CHAPTER II.

Her Baptism — Early Religious Impressions — Conversion — Public Profession of Religion — Private Covenant with God — Her Pastor's Death — The Active Character of her Religion — Spheres in which she particularly endeavored to be useful—Her School — The Family — The Sabbath School — Visits to the Alms-House.

The various discipline with which Miss Marvin had been exercised, had not been in vain in regard to her spiritual interests. Devoted to God in baptism a little after her father's death, her mother then first becoming a communicant in the church,* she was carefully instructed in the principles and duties of Christianity. She remembered her baptism with interest, and looked, ever after, upon the sanctuary where it was performed, and the pastor who performed it, as sustaining a relation to her of additional sacredness on this account. Twelve or fourteen years afterwards, in describing a landscape spread out before her, she says, "More remotely is a pleasant part of the town, which, among other objects of interest, presents the spire of the church, where, I well remember, I was dedicated to God in baptism." The whole scene was frequently present with her, and was a token to her of what she ought to be. It had left

* The First church in Norwich, then under the pastoral care of Rev. Joseph Strong, D. D.

an impression upon her mind, which was never effaced. "From early childhood she was the subject of frequent religious impressions." Her religious susceptibilities seem to have been, from the beginning, greater than most possess. Conscience, in her bosom, was peculiarly alive, and faithful to discharge its office.

Still she does not appear to have become truly a disciple of Christ, and to have commenced, in reality, living on the principles of the gospel, till about the age of nineteen. Some account of the change which then took place in her views and feelings, may best be given in her own language, as recorded at the time.

It may here be premised, that her observing turn of mind, and the more serious views she had begun to entertain, led her, about this time, to commence a brief journal, in which she noticed, not always from day to day, but for the most part only occasionally, events that interested her, and sometimes recorded her own religious feelings in connection with them. Prefixed to this journal is an extract from Foster, the sentiment of which, leading the mind to view life in connection with the life to come, she appears to have adopted as her own, and, judging it the foundation of all right living, to have resolved to make it the basis of her own practice. "While I anticipate the endless progress of life," the extract is, "and wonder through what unknown scenes it is to take its course, its past years lose that character of vanity which would seem to belong to a train of fleeting, perishing moments, and I see them assuming the dignity of a commencing eternity. In them I have *begun* to be that conscious existence which I *am* to be through infinite duration; and I feel a strange emotion of curiosity about this little life in which I am setting out on such a progress; I cannot be content without an accurate sketch of the windings thus far of a

stream, which is to bear me on for ever. I try to imagine how it will be to recollect, at a far distant point of my era, what I was when here; and I wish, if it were possible, to retain, as I advance, the whole course of my existence within the scope of clear reflection; to fix in my mind so very strong an idea of what I have been in this original period of my time, that I shall most completely possess this idea in ages too remote for calculation." This, all will perceive, is a comprehensive view of human life. We admire the mind that conceived it. Nor is the intelligent and sincere adoption of it by another, wholly unworthy of commendation.

The record of the change in Miss Marvin's religious views and feelings, above alluded to, is as follows:

"Aug. 20, 1812. I hope that within a few weeks my heart has been in some measure rightly affected with spiritual and divine things. I hope I have seen the true excellency of the gospel, and embraced it as a system of salvation for the perishing, and as what I approve and love. Forever blessed be that Saviour who has called me to love and serve him! Forever blessed be that Spirit who hath quickened me to obey the call!

"I cannot but mourn at the retrospect of my past life. I have always felt religion to be the only safety, and the only solid happiness of human beings. I have always felt the commands of God to be reasonable, and obedience to them proper. Yet after all, the love of sin, and the love of the world, have borne the sway alike over the convictions of the understanding and the conscience, and completely controlled my heart. For several months past, however, I have felt a peculiar dissatisfaction at remaining in such a state. As I now look back upon these months, I seem to have been calmly surveying my want of wisdom,

my exceeding folly. There has been in my mind a kind of restlessness, which forbade the low sort of happiness I had hitherto found in the things of the world. I was not conscious at the time of the operations of an unseen and divine Agent on my heart, persuading me 'to forsake the foolish and live.' At this time I had not the deep conviction which I have since felt. But my feelings of unhappiness increased from time to time, until I was compelled to ask with anxiety, 'What shall I do to be saved?' The result is, God, I trust, has graciously brought me to himself. The praise is forever His. May it be forever rendered, from a grateful and adoring heart. And may every successive period of life witness that it is his work, and show him glorified thereby.

"I was aided in my inquiries by a similar state of mind in my beloved friend and cousin C. [a young lady just about her age, and in the same family with herself]; by the care of our faithful minister over our souls; and by the awaking of Christian friends to efforts for our salvation."

There was no general seriousness in the place. These two, at such a time, "inquiring the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward," attracted attention, and exerted a quickening influence on beholders, showing the presence of the Spirit of grace.

Such was the beginning of Miss Marvin's religious life. And was it not a beginning consonant alike to reason and to Scripture? Here is no mere working of the passions; no sudden impulse; nothing visionary. All is indicative of a heathful mind, deliberate, and disclosing much reflection. There was a turning of her eye inward upon herself, and a comparing herself with the grand system of truth contained in God's word; a discovery that she was

not what that word requires; that judged by it she was "found wanting," and could not stand; that she had not within herself the dispositions requisite to true happiness —the fountain was not there; in a word, that in herself she was sinful and lost; and that hope could come to her only through the interposition of unmerited grace —a Saviour; a Saviour, to pardon the guilty, to cleanse and deliver from sin, to open to the needy and perishing sources of peace and life. This Saviour she found in Jesus, as millions of others have done, and in Him "rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

The silent manner in which Miss Marvin was brought to reflection, and led along in the path of inquiry, unconscious and unapprehensive of any divine agency or influence, till the result was realized, is a striking illustration of the teachings of the Scriptures on this subject. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." The gentle breathings of the Spirit are often not recognized— though new thoughts are awakened, and new apprehensions are felt, yet whence they come is not considered— till the new life is actually commenced in the soul. Then the Author of the work is known. "It is the Spirit that quickeneth," and to Him is rendered the praise.

A short passage in a letter to her from an elder sister, about this time, July 20, 1812, is not without interest in this connection. "The observations made last evening by my tenderly beloved Catharine, excited my attention and desire to know if she is seeking the truth. O my sister, if this be the case, why hesitate to converse freely with those whose hearts throb in unison with every feeling of your own?—I mean your sisters. I have thought more of you this summer than usual. I have at

times reflected on you with pleasure, and with pain: with pleasure, on your natural endowments, on your manners as calculated to conciliate the love of your friends, and that constant flow of affection ever manifested for me; with pain, on the possibility of your being too much attached 'to trifles light as air,' and being dazzled with surrounding earthly pleasure." While such was the outward aspect of things, the Spirit was silently performing his gracious, and, it is believed, his saving work. And doubtless the process is always going on in various minds, unobserved entirely by a surrounding world.

Although, in the case of Miss Marvin, the process seems to have been gradual by which she was brought to a full acquiescence in the gospel, and to the enjoyment of its hopes, no particular time being specified as characterized with any peculiar interest; yet from remarks elsewhere made it is evident that, in the progress of this great work, there *was* a particular time marked with brighter divine manifestations than any other; a time which was as the rising of the sun upon a previous night—which was the rising of the Sun of Righteousness upon her inner being, with healing in his beams; a particular time, which gave her inward peace, for her previous perturbation; which turned the current of her affections into a new channel, and laid the foundations for a new life; and to which she ever after looked back as an *era* in her existence. The manner in which she subsequently remembered this era, will receive a moment's notice in another place.

Miss Marvin was not one to stop half way in her duty. Having, as she hoped, embraced the gospel from her heart, and been brought to an interest in its saving and infinite blessings, she felt it incumbent on her to observe all its ordinances, and be openly, as well as really, a friend of God. The doctrine, that "a candle is not lighted to

be put under a bushel, or under a bed, but to be set on a candlestick, that it may give light to all that are in the house," met a full response from her heart. The duty of making a public profession of religion, therefore, ere long engaged her attention. She looked at this duty, however, with great seriousness, and not a little trembling. A brief representation from herself will show this more fully.

"December 20. It is now more than four months since I have hoped that the temper of my heart has been brought in some degree into conformity to the gospel. I have made my way through doubts and fears, hopes and joys, mixed, and succeeding each other by turns, to this time. A very solemn question has been before me for several weeks. It is that of making a public profession of my faith, and entering the visible communion of the church. I have viewed it as such a weighty act; as so connected with the final judgment and my future existence, after all the scenes of probation are closed, and eternity is present with its enduring and boundless realities, that I have been ready to shrink from the performance of it. I have listened to the denunciations of the Scriptures against those who 'eat and drink unworthily;' I have reflected on the increased obligation which a profession of religion involves, and the correspondent injury the cause of religion sustains by any deviation from the heavenly course prescribed to the covenant people of God. I have weighed my own weakness; the degree of sanctification possessed, which is but a work just begun (if begun); my exposure to temptation, and my continual liability to fall; my very limited acquaintance with the doctrines and duties of religion; and above all, my danger of being deceived in regard to my character, and the ground of my hope.

These things at first appalled me. I trembled and shrunk back."

She received a visit from her pastor. She had hoped, like many young, and inexperienced, and trembling converts, that he would advise her what to do. He simply stated to her the views with which one contemplating the duty before her should proceed, and left it wholly for her to determine whether she possessed those views or not. It seemed to her, at the time, almost wanting in kindness in him, not to endeavor further to help her out of her difficulties. She afterwards said, however, "I have since seen the wisdom of his proceeding. It awakened me to a new class of considerations, which before had been shut out from my view." Thrown upon herself, her own mind worked out the problem. "In 'communing with my own spirit and making diligent search,' I have asked, Am I not willing to live for my Saviour? Am I not willing to cast myself on his mighty arm, his all-powerful grace, to carry me through the perils of my earthly pilgrimage, to help me to resist temptation, and to perform duty? Will a neglect of the dying command of my Saviour release me from obligation, and absolve me from guilt? Shall I be more likely to grow in grace, out of the pale of the visible church, or amidst its ordinances, and with covenant-claims on its sympathies, its counsels, and its prayers? Shall I disappoint the friends of Christ, who are my friends, and gratify the unbelieving around me, who watch for my halting, and who dread the reproof administered to them when any forsake their ranks, and attach themselves to the interests of Christ's kingdom? The result is, *That it is my duty publicly to profess my faith in Christ, and love to his cause, depending on his almighty grace for aid so to live as shall bring honor to*

his name—as shall enable me to escape the pollutions of the world, and finally to triumph in heaven. I feel deeply solemn in making this conclusion, and submitting my name as one who requests to be joined to the Lord's people. But, all things considered, I dare not do otherwise: and I leave myself to the mercy of God in Christ, and to the judgment of the church, in whom I repose much confidence."

Shortly after this—on the first Sabbath in January, 1813—she was received as a member of the Congregational church then under the pastoral care of Rev. Asahel Hooker. She speaks of having made this public consecration of herself to God, "most tremblingly," and only with "an occasional glimpse of God's mercy in Christ to the most unworthy." She "did it in the midst of much darkness and fearfulness, AS DUTY, irrespective of consequences to herself." The duty performed, there was a satisfaction in having done it. "All is peaceful, and even more—joyful." She was at this time a little less than twenty years of age.

Some things, undoubtedly, in this case, and in others of the kind, are to be set to the account of temperament. A stronger nerve would prevent a measure of the agitation. Still the solicitudes here expressed show a quick perception, and sincerity of purpose. They are indubitable evidence, that the individual concerned is acting no dishonest part—is engaged in no vain formality. Deep seriousness and holy fear are becoming in those who transact concerns with an infinite, and infinitely perfect God.

In regard to the aid which should be rendered by a pastor in cases like this, much wisdom is often needful to direct. Severity will sometimes break down an already broken spirit, and do it lasting injury. "We were gentle

among you," says the apostle, "even as a nurse cherisheth her children." The true course unquestionably is, that which seems to have been pursued by the excellent pastor mentioned. Give the individual instruction. Furnish him with the rule by which his judgment is to be formed. Aid him also in analyzing his own feelings. Go down with him into the depths of his own heart, and assist him in bringing to light what is there. Yet, after all, the *responsibility* must be left with him. Take him by the hand and show him the way, and the encouragements to walk in it, but do not *carry* him. Whether he, indeed, possesses the qualifications which the rule requires, he must himself determine.

In connection with Miss Marvin's public profession of religion and admission into the church, is a form of covenant and self-dedication to God, which she made, and which will show still further her habits of thought, and especially the *prospective* views with which she entered on the Christian life.

COVENANT.

"O God, who art the eternal and infinite JEHOVAH, unchangeable, and possessor of every perfection, natural and moral,—'who art light, and in whom there is no darkness at all;' who hast made, and sustainest, all worlds, and every creature; who canst kill, and make alive: Sovereign of all things; before whom angels and archangels bow adoring, with veiled faces, because of thy resplendent glories, and are charged with folly compared with Thee: how shall such an one as I appear in thine awful presence, on such an errand as this, to implore thy mercy, and dedicate myself, and my all, to thee? Verily, in my nature there is no good thing. Born in sin, all the

powers of my soul have been estranged from thee; 'other lords have had dominion over me.' I blush and am ashamed to lift up my face before thee. I have sinned. How, then, can I this day ask of thee that which I need? Will God, indeed, condescend to be my God? O Lord, great is thy mercy, therefore doth my soul hope in thee; therefore would I beseech thee to humble me for my sin, to grant me pardon, and strength for future obedience. I come in the name of the Saviour of lost men; that name which giveth salvation—in which the most unworthy that believeth may find life. I can do nothing without thee. Wilt thou, at this time, enable me to approach thy foot-stool, and, by an act of my own, assisted by thy Holy Spirit, to give myself and my all to thee, for time and eternity. O FATHER, if my heart deceive me not, I DO NOW THUS GIVE MYSELF TO THEE. Accept me through the merits and intercession of thy Son, the Saviour of sinners, and let me be thine now and forever.

"No service is like thy service. Therefore do I this day renounce every other master, and resolve to live in future near to thee. Let thy Spirit be given unto me, for I am weak. Keep me, oh keep me, from unbelief and sin; wash me thoroughly in the blood of thy dear Son. May I have grace to set an example of holy living; not fear to profess Christ's name boldly before the world; nor shrink from the reproach of being called singular where I should otherwise offend thee. Enable me to deny myself, and take the cross, and follow Jesus daily. Enlighten my understanding, that I may know the truth contained in the Scriptures. Use me as an instrument of promoting thy glory and the Redeemer's kingdom. In whatever station I may be placed, qualify me for every good word and work. Assist me in prayer daily, and let me enjoy much of thy holy presence in my attempts to

draw near to thee. Let all thy holy providences toward me be sanctified for my furtherance in the divine life. Let every unhallowed disposition be subdued within me, and may I strive daily to gain the victory over every internal foe. Give me right judgment and knowledge to detect the wiles of the adversary, and resolution to withstand temptations though presented under the fairest guise. Let the preaching of the word be sweet and salutary to my soul, and may all thine ordinances do me good. Strengthen my faith to see the END in the *means*, and to glorify God in the use of them. Let me be a devoted creature to my Lord: not thinking I am something, because I have a *name to live;* but *evidencing* my love to thee, by keeping thy commandments.

"Should I in future, through the prevalence of remaining sin, be left to walk in darkness, and murmur and complain,—wilt thou call to my remembrance things of this day, give me new repentance, and restore to me the joys of thy Spirit. When lying on the bed of sickness and death, may I be enabled to testify of thy goodness; have my rational powers continued while life endures, and be submissive and sustained by grace. Particularly in the solemn moment of departure, give me an overcoming faith, and let thy hand conduct me safely through the valley of the shadow of death. May thy light shine about me. In the judgment of the great day, may I be shielded and arrayed in the righteousness of Christ; and have some humble part assigned me among those who are to enjoy the felicities of heaven, and sing forever the wonders of redeeming love; that the termination of my pilgrimage may be *peace* and *unfading glory*. 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!'

"Great things have I now asked, O Lord; but thou art great and mighty to perform; thou art good and mer-

ciful to grant. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable before thee, and let me give all the glory to the sacred THREE IN ONE, the FATHER, the SON, and the HOLY GHOST. AMEN.

CATHARINE M. MARVIN."

This covenant has appended to it THIRTY different dates, indicating manifestly the times in which it was solemnly renewed before God. And it can hardly have been otherwise, than that the contemplation of such truths, under such circumstances, should have been highly beneficial.

It will be seen from this covenant as well as from the preceding statements, that Miss Marvin's religion was not of a superficial character. It was no mere compliance with custom. It was no mere sentimentalism. It was sober, deep, practical, taking hold of all the elements of her intellectual and moral nature. As expressed by a friend who intimately knew her, and saw the first turning of her mind to this subject, "At that time her views of divine truth became very clear and decided. Her inward consciousness of alienation of heart from God concurred with the testimony of Him who is 'the faithful and true witness,' that she 'must be born again.' Regarding herself as obnoxious to the divine displeasure, as having incurred the penalty of his righteous law, the wants of her soul called for atoning blood: and on that which was shed on Calvary for the remission of sins she placed her humble hope, her cordial reliance; while she received and adored the glorious Sufferer on the cross, as 'God manifest in the flesh.' Her subsequent life proved how deeply the conviction was wrought in her heart, that they for whom he died should *not live unto themselves*. From this period she ever manifested a readiness

for every good word and work, and entered with all her natural ardor and energy into every enterprise designed to promote the kingdom of Christ."

It will not be deemed improper to observe, that a few months only after she had made a public profession of religion, the pastor who had aided her inquiries, and under whose direction she had been led, as she hoped, into the paths of righteousness, was removed by death.

"April 12, 1813. We fear that the Lord is about to rebuke us in anger, and chasten us in his hot displeasure. Mr. Hooker, our dear minister, is dangerously ill with a fever. We are deeply solicitous as to the result. Deal not with us according to our sins, O Lord, we beseech thee!—Friday, April 16. Day of Public Fasting and Prayer. May we as individuals, and as a people, be humbled before God. Especially may this church and congregation humble themselves while thy rod is lifted up over us. O that our Pastor might live before thee!—April 18. We are endeavoring to acquiesce in what appears about to take place in regard to our dear minister. As a church we have been professedly humbling ourselves before God, and entreating him to spare his useful life. At the special church meeting all was solemnity and weeping. We know, yes, we have peculiar reason to understand, the language of God's providence to us in this dispensation. We have sinned against the Lord in a peculiar manner. He has bestowed on us one of his richest gifts for a little season, to show us his mercy; and now he seems about to take away what he gave, to teach us our folly and guilt, and lead us to repent, and turn to him. May such be the result of this dispensation.—Monday, April 19. Mr. H. is gone! 'Righteous art Thou, O Lord.' The closing scene was

one of triumph. We hardly dare mourn. Yet the dispensation is dark and heavy. C——, and myself had peculiar reasons for attachment to him. He was, we think, our spiritual father. We can bear witness to his faithfulness, his tenderness, his watchfulness, as we now mourn his loss. Yet we cannot but rejoice, amidst our sorrows, that the closing scene was so bright; that the opening glories of the kingdom of heaven were so visible to the eye of his faith; that God granted his faithful servant so triumphant an exit."

Mr. Hooker is described by others as among the most excellent of ministers: "discreet, diligent, affectionate. * * * Few men have been so useful, beloved and happy, in the pastoral office, as he. He was devoted to his work." This had been proved at Goshen, during a ministry of eighteen years; and again at Norwich, a short time, where he was much beloved, and his name, after his departure, was as ointment poured forth. *

The religion of Miss Marvin was not of that cast which is finished, when the vows of God are assumed. On the contrary, it was then only begun. She felt that something was due from her to her Saviour; that she must render him, as far as in her power, active service. One of the spheres in which she labored to be useful was, her school, which she continued about two and a half years after she was a professor of religion. From the beginning, indeed, such had been her education, and such were her convictions of the importance of religion, that she made it in a measure a religious school. After her public profession of religion, she made it much more so. Her prayer, as she has left it on

* See Memoir, &c. in Panoplist, 1815.

record, was, "to be assisted in the arduous and trying duties of instructing children, *young immortals!* Keep them from the snares of sin. Make them the children of thy grace." "Her school was always opened and closed with prayer." She had a weekly Bible lesson. "She observed seasons of prayer for her school." Or, to use the language of another of her intimate friends at that time, "As a teacher, the souls of the children and youth committed to her instruction lay with great weight upon her heart; she loved to spend an hour after the close of her school in prayer for them, that they might early become the disciples of the Lord Jesus." When she discontinued her school, amidst manifestations of regard from her pupils, and recollections of "what gratification she had experienced in the circle of *little friends*," a chief solicitude was "the fear that she had been deficient in duty."

In the family in which she resided she endeavored to be useful. It is the testimony of the family to her course in general, that "she devoted a portion of time each day to prayer, meditation, and reading the Scriptures;" and "endeavored uniformly to exert a religious influence both by precept and example." Her own prayer in reference to the children, committed partially to her care and instruction, shows the prevailing bent of her mind on this subject: "Assist me, O Lord, in my endeavors to lead all these children in paths of knowledge and piety." In her journal, under date of Aug. 29, 1817, is the following entry: "Among other things, Mrs. A. has this morning requested me to set apart Saturday evening of each week for catechising and instructing the servants, doing what I think will most conduce to their edification and salvation. I accepted the charge with much pleasure.—And now, O Father in heaven, I come to thee, imploring thine

aid; qualify me for this duty; and may thy divine Spirit concur, and the result be the salvation of these souls!"

The Sabbath school was a theatre on which she loved to act. She says, August, 1815, "I commenced last Sabbath the office of teacher in the Sabbath school just organized here. In this service, I need knowledge and humility. It requires also self-denial. I shall have less time for reading, meditation, and prayer; but the great Head of the church blesses those who do his pleasure. 'The path of duty is the path of safety.' My prayer has been, 'Lord, glorify thyself by me!' Let me rejoice, then, if my petition has been regarded and answered by the opening of this field of usefulness before me." In this school "she was a devoted, faithful teacher for successive years." Particularly was she and another teacher associated together "in instructing a class of colored women to read; and from their untiring patience they were successful in teaching a number of them (quite in years) to read the Bible." She had a tact at instruction, which rendered her a teacher of more than usual efficiency.

She was a frequent visitant at the alms-house, for the purpose of doing good. Mrs. Winslow, the first missionary of this name, a particular acquaintance and friend of hers, in a letter of March, 1819, says: "The poor people at the alms-house, which is very near her residence, would tell you in one voice that she is an angel. But this you would no sooner believe from them, than from me. And I assure you that I shall not say it. But I may say, that I think there are few more ardently devoted to the cause of Christ, and more capable, with the blessing of God, of doing much good in the world.

I could almost say of her, that she never fails in any undertaking where her conscience and her heart are engaged." Others have given similar testimony on this subject. "She visited the alms-house," says a friend, "for a long time, at stated seasons, and read to the aged females and prayed with them, I believe greatly to their comfort." Or as a member of the family in which she resided has expressed it, "She made frequent visits to the alms-house, reading the Scriptures with some, praying with others, and exerting all her influence to advance their temporal and eternal interests."

The subject here brought to view is one of much importance. Young ladies often suffer from *ennui*. They have no grand object to live for beyond themselves. Under such circumstances let them visit the poor; go and read the Scriptures to the aged and the blind; speak words of comfort to the sorrowing, and those who have been broken by misfortune; lead in prayer the sighing and neglected of earth, assisting them to present their wants before a throne of grace. Yes, be angels of mercy to the suffering. This banishes all uneasy vacuity of mind; this brings substantial joy; this is to be like Christ; who was moved by the miseries of mankind, present and prospective, to assume the office of their Redeemer.

A few passages follow from Miss Marvin's own statement respecting this branch of her labors.

"Saturday, Sept. 6, 1815. Visited my alms-house friends. Notwithstanding the trial my feelings sustained, the duties performed were beneficial to myself. O that these poor, lame, halt, blind, might be made whole in Christ Jesus! Some of them, I trust, are. Praise to the grace of God. In heaven there is a reserved inheritance for every one who embraces his salvation, trusts in his

promises, and casts his soul on Jesus as his Saviour. Before Him we are all needy.

> "Jesus, to thee I breathe my prayer;
> *Reveal, confirm my interest there:*
> Enroll'd among *thy happy poor,*
> My *largest wish* can ask *no more.*"

"April 17, 1817. In visiting the house appointed for the poor and aged, I am often struck with the truth of the wise man's reflections on the shortness of human life, and especially on the labor and sorrow frequently attending its close. One, I found to-day, willing to be communicative, but unable to connect her narrative. She appears to have been under deep conviction of sin in her childhood, and to have enjoyed some view of the excellency of her Saviour. Fear kept her from following him, and all her days she has been subject to bondage. Another I found of a different description; an aged man, whose appearance was, in some respects, the most repulsive I have ever witnessed. Yet, so happy was he in Christ, that I almost envied him his situation. 'God has been full of tender mercy to me; he has been pleased to manifest himself to my soul.' Tears of joy at this visible triumph of piety fell from my eyes; I could not suppress them. His wife seemed actuated by the same sweet spirit, while she watched his steps downward to the grave. A little longer in this dark abode, and ye shall go home to dwell in the mansions above, heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ to an inheritance which shall remain forever. I thank thee, O God, that I have been permitted to witness thus the triumphs of the holy religion of Jesus.

"Feb. 28, 1818. At twilight, visited my alms-house friends; read to them the third chapter of the Gospel of

John ; conversed on the importance of the subject to which it relates ; and united with them in supplication.

"Oct. 10, 1819. Spent the afternoon in visiting my friends at the alms-house. I endeavored to converse a little on the subject of religion. But I find so much to do ; after all my effort, so little is done ; and such want of interest in most of them on the subject ; that a heart like mine is ready to faint."

These extracts show the character of her visits—a few only out of many being noticed—at the place of poverty, misfortune, and decripit and suffering age.

Not long after the date last mentioned, the inmates of the alms-house were removed to a new habitation erected for them, more distant and difficult of access, and which brought her visits to them mostly to a close. Her own reflections on their removal may not inappropriately close our notice of this topic.

"Nov. 25. They are gone ; my *poor friends* are gone ; they whom, for three years, I have constantly watched with an eye of interest and pity. The house is shut and silent where I have stepped lightly to the chamber of infirmity, age, and pain ; soothed the sorrows I could not cure ; administered a mite where I should have been glad to have poured plenty ; opened the sacred volume with reverence ; selected its promises, its threatenings, and its precepts ; expatiated on the infinite kindness of a Saviour, and endeavored to allure to obedience ; knelt with the suffering, and offered up petitions to the Father of mercies, beseeching his grace for my own and their salvation. The house is silent, where I have sighed deeply at the stupidity of some ; heard the last sad groans of the departing, whose lives had been spent in sin ; pitied the unmeaning visage

of idiocy, and wept at the miseries of the creature man; where also I have heard the accents of Christian hope and confidence; and witnessed, in one instance, the triumph of religion in death, bright, apparently, as the beams of opening glory. Here I have been called to the exercise of humility, patience, forbearance, meekness, kindness, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, if I know what these graces are. God, who knoweth all things, sees my deficiencies. May he forgive. And may the lessons of instruction I have here received, aid in qualifying me to glorify his name in future life!—My *poor friends*,—blessings on them in their new home!"

CHAPTER III.

Passages from her Journal, 1813—1820.

It has been mentioned in regard to Miss Marvin's religious experience, that there was a particular time, as she believed, marked with peculiar divine communications to her mind, and which she viewed as the time of the commencement of her spiritual life. She afterward particularly refers to it. "Sabbath, first week in August, 1813. I desire ever to remember this season with humility and gratitude. If I am not deceived, it was at this time the last year, that I was led to view spiritual things in their true light. Still I have need of constant examination, that I may not be mistaken in regard to my real state." Similar notice is taken of this subject in several succeeding years, as the season returned.

Some passages further may be selected from the brief record which Miss Marvin has left, showing particularly the inner and spiritual life which she had now begun to live. Without regard to subject, these passages may best be presented in the order in which they stand.

"Tuesday, October, 1813. I have lately thought much of death. I have felt a shrinking at the idea of the dissolution of my nature. I have, however, been led to see the justice of it as the consequence of sin, and to feel, I trust, some gratitude to the Saviour that he has taken away

its sting: so that it is to the believer only a gloomy entrance into a blissful and eternal life. 'In thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand, there are pleasures forevermore.'

"Nov. 25. (Thanksgiving day.) The mercies and blessings of the past year have been so numerous, so uninterrupted, and so great, that, did I not feel some emotions of gratitude, I should be one of the most stupid creatures living. Though I cannot count them, yet wilt thou, Lord, who art able, make an abiding impression on my heart, in some degree proportionate to thy bounty.

"Jan. 2, 1814. (Sabbath evening.) One year more of my life has passed away never to return. One year ago to-day, I made a public profession of love to Christ. Let it, this evening, be matter of serious inquiry, What progress have I made?

"Jan. 30. (Sabbath.) Thursday last was my birthday. I have now commenced my twenty-second year. How swiftly have twenty-one years of my life glided away! In the review of them, they appear "as a tale that is told." How barren of good works. How destitute of gratitude for innumerable mercies received from my most bountiful Benefactor. While I bear testimony to thy goodness, O Lord, pardon my imperfections; and let the new period of my life on which I now enter, be begun, and spent with thee. Each morning when I awake, may my thoughts be directed to thee,—in praise for thy protection—in meditation on the pledge of my future resurrection—in supplication for pardon—in desires to be kept from wrong thoughts and affections, and from neglect of duty in any station which I may be called to fill. During the hours of the day, as they pass, may I look frequently to thee, in ejaculatory prayer, for guidance, direction, forgiveness, sanctification and acceptance. May each day be closed

in thy fear, with thy pardoning mercy, and be crowned with thy blessing. May I live to thy glory.

"Feb. 15. The Christian who lives under a sense of divine love, knows by a little that he feels, how precious higher attainments and communications must be. Amidst the cares and disquietudes of life, he can look away to those things, which, though unseen, because spiritual, he yet feels confident are substantial and eternal. Having that faith which works by love, and purifies the heart, and gives victory over the world, he has foretastes of the glory and blessedness which shall hereafter be revealed.

"April 10. (Sabbath.) '*Lord, is it I?*' These are the words to which our attention has, this morning, been directed in the sanctuary. And *shall I betray my Lord?* Am I a mere professor of the religion of the Gospel, hoping to be saved by giving a bare assent to its truths, while refusing to be actuated by its principles, or governed by its commands? How detestibly hypocritical, in his sight, must every one be, who, while he professes friendship, is yet daily, by his conversation and course of life, evincing his decided attachment to the world, his love of vain amusement, his desire of man's applause! '*Lord, is it I?*'

"Saturday 30. To-morrow we are again to renew our vows at the Lord's table. Holy Spirit, condescend to breathe into me the divine life. Help me duly to apprehend this exhibition of the wonderful love of God to fallen man. Help me to adore those perfections which are made manifest, and shall continue eternally to be made manifest, in the plan of salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ.

"May 1. (Sabbath.) I thank thee, O thou giver of every good gift, for preserved life, for another Sabbath, for another sacramental season. O that my life had been more holy! O that I could look back, and confidently

say, I have served God with my *whole heart!* If I appear so sinful in my own eyes, how must I appear in the eyes of Him who is infinite purity.

"I thank thee, O Lord, for the blessed privilege of prayer. How much real happiness is lost by the millions who never pray—who practice not this truly soul-exalting duty. The thoughtless may consider such an expression but high sounding words. But the true and sincere Christian knows, by sweet experience, the blessed reality.

"May 10. I want faith and earnestness in prayer for the salvation of my dear brother and sisters. Will the Lord assist me to set a right example before them, and to exert all other practicable, appropriate influences. I fall far short in all these important duties. In the name of Jesus, that name in which we are ever to approach the mercy-seat, I desire to be heard on their account. May they speedily be made partakers of thy grace, O God; taste and see that thou art good; and walk in that path which terminates in everlasting life. O *hasten* them, Spirit of grace, into the ark of safety!

"May 22. 'Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity.' I have been out on a little water excursion for pleasure; but there was no religious conversation, no spirituality. I return to mourn over the misspent time, and can truly say, it has all been *tasteless*. All pursuits, with which the glory of God, and the soul's progress in spirituality, and the highest good of my fellow-creatures, are not connected, are stamped with folly, attended with dissatisfaction, and followed with regret. 'Do ALL TO THE GLORY OF GOD.' No service is like his. None has such exalted pleasure; none such holy dignity; none promises such infinite rewards.

"June 3. 'I count not myself to have apprehended—but press toward the mark for the prize of the high call-

ing of God in Christ Jesus my Lord.' Increased devotion to God—abatement of love to earthly things—deeper concern how I shall appear before my Judge;—these are the things that require my chief attention, and after which it becomes me continually to strive.

"June 12. (Sabbath.) How sweet this return of the holy Sabbath! The remarkable beauty of the morning—the brightness of the sun—the cool refreshing air, filled with the sweets and perfumes of the vegetable kingdom—the feathered tribes chanting their hymns of praise; all call upon man to enter into the rational and ennobling service of worship and praise to his Creator and Redeemer. Man, the head of this lower world,—how elevated his station—how noble his appointed employment! Made to behold all these beauties and glories—redeemed, to behold and enjoy the richer glories of heaven forever! What so desirable for him, as a pure heart, sanctified affections, entire devotedness to his God and Saviour? Come, divine Spirit, breathe upon thy people, and aid them in their worship to-day! Enlarge their hearts; and hear their prayers for the spread of the saving knowledge of the cross, as far as the curse of sin is found. 'Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.'

"June 16. 'Wait on the Lord.' He can fulfil thy petitions; he can cheer thy drooping heart; he can invigorate every languid affection; he can warm every cold desire. In the midst of spiritual death, he can give life. How rich the encouragement, then, 'Wait on the Lord.'

"June 18. Reading in Blair, from which I extract: * * * 'Devotion is one of the noblest acts of which the human mind is capable. It is a powerful principle which penetrates the soul, which purifies the affections from debasing attachments, and by a fixed and steady regard to God, subdues every sinful passion, and forms the

inclination to piety and virtue. The spirit of devotion is the gift of God. From his inspiration it proceeds; towards him it tends; and in his presence hereafter it shall attain its full perfection.'

"July 2. (Saturday.) To-morrow we commemorate our Saviour's love. In my retirement to-day, I would examine myself as to my preparation for that sacred service. I feel myself to be by nature a fallen creature—without hope, and without God in the world—a sinner. And sin appears to me 'exceeding sinful.' It is madness in the heart—blindness in the mind—wretchedness entire—an infinite evil. Such I feel it to be in my own case. What, then, is my hope? It is Christ—an almighty Saviour—the Son of God. In him all fullness dwells, as prophet, priest, and king:—light for our darkness; atoning blood for our guilt; fountains of grace for our cleansing; and all power to govern, protect, support and bless. O may I rest on Him, and own and maintain forever allegiance to Him.

"July 16. Mr. Orton says, 'A quick taste of intellectual and devout pleasures, will make it easy to deny ourselves the hurtful pleasures of sense.' I think I know something of this by experience. Forever blessed be the Lord, for giving me a spark of spiritual life.

"I feel increasingly anxious for the salvation of souls. The immortal interests of my brother and sisters, of the families where we are providentially placed, and of other dear friends, as well as sinners all around, lie with weight upon my mind, and often awaken deep solicitude in my heart. O that salvation might come from our God!

"July 20. I am surrounded by the world. As I am situated it either is, or seems to be necessary, to receive and pay frequent visits. In these circles I often meet with some refreshment from a fellow-traveller Zion-ward. It

is delightful. I find it necessary in visiting and receiving visits, to guard against unprofitable conversation and against levity. Religion, indeed, appears so excellent, and the enjoyment I have found in it already is so precious, that I am less in danger of being carried away by these things, than once I was. I think I have, through grace, obtained some victories. Yet all below is imperfect. How joyful must those be who have entered into heaven, and joined the society of the perfect, where there is mutual and eternal intercourse between angels and glorified spirits; where all is peace, elevated, and holy.

"July 27. In passing through the trials of life, great patience, self-denial, and submission are necessary. There is a call, indeed, for the exercise of *all* the Christian graces. I know what it is to be tried. May I know also what it is to be raised above these trials: which, I am sure, are intended for my benefit. Numerous mercies also have marked my lot of late; among which I assign a distinguished place to letters from Christian friends. How may Christians thus encourage each other on in the pilgrimage of life!

"First week in August. I cannot let this season pass without special thanksgiving to God for having brought me again to the anniversary of the time, in which I hope I was awakened to some just apprehension of divine things. Blessed be the Lord for this wonderful mercy to me a sinner! Yes, new objects engross my mind, and new pursuits employ me. O how could I so long have remained indifferent to the claims of the gospel,—living for the low purposes of self, and engrossed with present things? Mine be the shame, and mine the tears of penitence!

"I hope I have made some advances in the divine life the two years past. I hope I can look to God with a con-

fidence and trust, which, though still feeble, are yet greater than at the beginning. My judgment in spiritual things is, I think, strengthened. My views of sin are clearer. Holiness seems more desirable; and I hope I have more communion with God. May I not be allowed to raise my *pillar* among the pillars of his people, and with them place an inscription, to swell the grateful song, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped me'?

"O still grant unto me the aids of thy grace, heavenly Father; shine with increasing light on my path, Sun of righteousness; that, as I advance, I may find the way to the heavenly Canaan growing plainer and plainer, and that the termination of my pilgrimage may be peace and unfading glory.

"July 30. How dreadful is the sin of backsliding! The fear that I shall forget and turn aside from God, often makes me tremble.

> 'The crime I dread, the thought I hate,
> The guilt, the shame I deprecate;
> And yet so many are my foes,
> I dare not trust my warmest vows.'

"Sept. 18. (Sabbath.) Dr. John M. Mason of New York, preached. Oh how sweet is the sacred word dispensed! The Sabbath, the sanctuary, the ordinances, all yield me a pure delight. There is a freshness in these spiritual pleasures, which renders insipid all that the world can bestow. Blessed Immanuel, Saviour of sinful men, how can I sufficiently praise, love, and obey thee? Reveal thyself more and more to my faith, and be my everlasting righteousness and portion.

"Oct. 2. Blair on Genius, says, 'No rules can supply the defect of genius, or inspire it where it is wanting; but they may often guide it into proper channels.' So

nothing can supply the want of true grace in the heart. The use of means cannot inspire it where it is wanting; though means may certainly assist the heavenly principle where it exists,—may prove, under God, aids to our salvation.

"Oct. 5. (Saturday.)

'Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land.'

I am indeed a pilgrim, an orphan pilgrim; and my peculiar circumstances make me often keenly feel the fact. Help me, Father of mercies, so to feel it, as to keep my eye heavenward, and my best affections there. Have observed a part of the day as a season of fasting and prayer. Mat. vi. 17, 18. Enjoyed peace, and found my heart quickened by the duty.

"Oct. 12.

'The first sure symptoms of a mind in health,
Is rest of *heart*, and pleasure felt at *home*.'

"Retirement is a remedy against many evils, and a source of many pleasures.

'O lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul,
Who think it *solitude* to be alone.
Communion sweet, communion large and high,
Our reason, guardian angel, and our God,—
Then *nearest* these, when *others most remote*.'

"I think I can say, that some of the hours spent alone, have been by far the most rational, the most salutary, and sweetest of my life.

"Nov. 12. (Saturday afternoon.) Sick of this vain world and my sinful self! I retire to spend a little season

in humiliation and prayer. Having wandered, all my strength is requisite to return. May I come back to God with my whole heart!

"Nov. 13. (Sabbath.) Again I have found the benefit of throwing from my heart all this vain world, and looking and reaching heaven-ward. 'I cried unto the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my troubles.' 'I will sing of the mercies of the Lord.' 'I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart.' I am under renewed obligations henceforth to serve God. The covenant, in which I have solemnly bound myself to do this, and which I have sealed twelve times at his table, I feel resting upon me with additional force. I tremble, lest I may fall short in keeping my vows. Yet I would not be absolved from them. My only wish is, that I may have grace to pay them continually 'in the presence of his people,' showing forth their power on my heart by a well regulated life and conversation.

"Saturday, Dec. 30. The year is fast closing. Time glides away like a stream, swiftly, though almost imperceptibly. Temporal inconveniences are in prospect, and deprivation of some privileges which I have enjoyed longer than I at first expected. May these things make me feel yet more strongly, that this is not my rest. Remembering that He who clothes the field with grass, and watcheth the falling sparrow, is abundantly able to do for me also beyond my largest expectation, may I commit my whole cause to Him, and wait on him as he hath appointed in humble prayer, seeking his glory by submission to his will, and strong confidence in his directing wisdom.

"January 25, 1815. 'Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father,'—how it draws its possessor from too close adherence to the things of this world; raises the mind from earth to heaven; makes those who

enjoy it pity the votaries of pleasure, and turn from the insipid draught mingled in their cup. I am surrounded with busy preparations for an approaching season of gaiety, mirth, and dancing. I feel a delightful freedom from things whose influence so hinders the mind from ranging among spiritual objects. There is a rich satisfaction in passing by the follies which attract those who never knew a higher, nobler joy. Oh when shall we see our young friends flocking to the cross of Christ?

"Jan. 26. The rebellion of our hearts consists more in their habitual temper of variance with God, than we are generally aware. We are too prone to imagine ourselves innocent, because the sin is not clothed in overt action.

"The Scriptures are like springs of living waters, which furnish drink for thousands, without diminishing the sweetness or abundance of their supplies. Those who have once tasted, desire ever after to be refreshed from these streams.

"The habitual practice of secret prayer is an evidence of spiritual life. Secret prayer loosens the cords by which the soul is bound to earth; it assists the eye of faith to look forward and upward; it strengthens the inner man; it sweetens the spirit, and prepares it for every duty. 'Christ's yoke is easy, and his burden light.'

"The armies of Pompey and Mithridates engaging in battle in the evening, the moon shining from behind the Romans so lengthened their shadows that the archers of Mithridates, under a mistake, shot their arrows at the shadows and not at the men. A picture of multitudes of our mistaken race, who are aiming at *shadows*, rather than at *realities*.

"March 2. Some earthly trials press heavily, and the future looks dark. 'Lord, what time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.' *I am still an orphan, thou still art God.*

Thy promises are yet upon record, and are sure. I yield myself to thy guidance; I repose on thine arm of grace.

"April 8. Still I will wait on God. May I do it in faith, rejoicing that 'my times are in his hand.'

"April 24. I have been seeking direction of God. I wish to refer the decision of every matter to Him, and by watching the footsteps of his providence, learn what he would have me to do.

"May 9. Oh, that every member of the family which I am now about leaving, might live before God. This has been, this still shall be, my sincere and ardent prayer.

"May 10. I think the scenes through which I have been passing have made me acquainted with some things in my own character, of which before I was ignorant. Decision and perseverance have been called into exercise, and I hope I have had an addition to my faith and confidence in God. I have taken no step, without first repairing to the throne of grace, and seeking direction there. And these seasons have been unspeakably sweet. Surely, to be directed by the Infinite One, my Father and my God, is my highest joy!

"May 17. In my new situation, to which I have been guided, as I trust, by an unerring Providence, I look to him for his blessing. And may this chamber, which, for the present, I am permitted to call my own, be a consecrated place, where my spirit shall be constantly paying her vows to the Most High, and seeking and obtaining grace for the exigencies of life.

"May 22. Have been reading Dr. Johnson's life by Murphy. Dr. J. had great virtues combined with great defects of character. His writings tend to the improvement of the mind, and discover deep acquaintance with human nature.

"June 3. (Sabbath morning.) O that, with the light

of this pleasant morning, I could feel that light in my soul, which is better than mortal life! Lord, thou hast said, 'Draw nigh unto God, and he will draw nigh unto you.' But how can a sinful, self-willed creature do this without thy gracious aid? O wilt thou this day vouchsafe it to me. I fear I shall fall away from thee, by degrees growing insensible, and finally perish. Still, if I mistake not, I do love thee, and that cause which I have professedly espoused.

"June 10. (Sabbath.) How every way proper is a day thus set apart from secular business and the cares of earth. How refreshing to the body. How delightful as a season of devout praise to God for creating power, preserving goodness and redeeming love. It is a time for the soul to refresh itself amidst the sweet influences of the sanctuary, thus preparing itself for the unending blessedness of the kingdom of glory.

"June 19. Author of my blessings, my pleasures, and my life, grant that thy gifts may not hide thee the Giver from my eyes; but may I daily and hourly be made sensible of the source whence they flow, and have my heart fixed on things above the world, while I live in it.

'They build too low, who build beneath the skies.'

"July 2. (Sabbath morning.) 'Why sleep ye? Rise and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.' How appropriate, not only to the slumbering three in Gethsemane, but to all indolent disciples. O why is a Christian ever otherwise than awake, holy, and active?

"July 10. (Ten o'clock, evening.) How charming this evening, at this still hour. 'The moon walking in brightness,' and shedding her soft beams upon the earth, —its hill and dale, its flowery mead and garden shrub-

bery, its streamlets and distant glassy waters; what a profusion of beauties fill up the lovely picture! Faint image of immortal beauties; after which let me aspire!

"July 23. I have of late, more than usual, been turning my eye inward upon my own heart, surveying its thoughts, desires, hopes, and expectations: consequently I have had a clearer view of its deep native alienation from God, and the present weakness of its graces.

'O mind immortal! spark from God,
* * * *
Form'd with capacity for highest joy,
Extatic bliss in heaven and near its God!
Shall trifles animate, allure and fill it?
Shall aught beneath the sun attract its love,
Bearing it downward, robbing it of heaven?'

"September 19. On Saturday our terrors were great. The heavens gathered blackness, the wind burst from its storehouses, and devastation spread around. But the same voice which had said 'Let it be,' spake again, and it was calm, and the serenest sky ensued. Emblem of higher things. 'In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer.'

"February 2, 1816. The world's atmosphere is pestilential. I feel it to be so, and fear its influence. My Saviour says, 'Be not conformed to this world.' I tremble lest I come far short of obedience to this command. Divine grace! prevent that fatal sentence, 'Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone.'

"May 5. (Ten o'clock, evening.) Have just returned from our monthly concert for prayer. How animating the consideration, that on this evening a goodly number in Asia, Africa, Europe, and our own dear America, are

unitedly engaging in prayer for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom throughout the world. I do believe that with such sacrifices God is well pleased. I do believe that he will regard these supplications, and send answers of peace and blessing.

"July 8. New favors and new subjects for grateful acknowledgements.

'Lord, take this heart of mine,
Nor let it ever stray;
Let me no longer call it mine,
Since 'tis convey'd away.'

"August 3. The anniversary has again returned when it becomes me to render to God peculiar praise, for his having brought me to see myself as a sinner, and the excellency of Christ as a Saviour. I hope I have freely chosen to be saved in the way proposed in the gospel, and that I am constantly looking to Christ to be kept from the evil that is in the world, and to be prepared for a higher and nobler existence beyond the grave. Such an expectation calls for my most entire and active obedience. O that I might have grace given me to purify myself in some measure, as my Saviour is pure!

"August 19. My desires are quickened to do something more than I have yet done for the enlargement of Christ's kingdom.

"September 24. The probability that, under existing circumstances, I shall be often deprived of social evening meetings during the week, where I can receive and reciprocate the devout sympathies, and enjoy what is eminently congenial to my heart—the sweet repasts of my soul—damps my spirits, and clouds my joy. At the same time it prompts this ardent unaffected prayer:

"Place me, O Lord, in a soil friendly to my spiritual

improvement; and in a position favorable to my serving thee with activity, and in such a way as shall be for thy glory; and let thy grace enable me to maintain an example, and exert all appropriate influences, to win others to thyself. I know, O Lord, that thou canst do this; and so peculiarly have I been led, of late, by prayer and earnest supplication, to present my case before thee, and leave my petitions at the foot of thy throne, that I am emboldened to add, *I believe thou wilt.* Increase faith in me, and assist me to wait continually on Thee, O thou Disposer of events!

"Oct. 3. How eventful is this short life. Almost every day brings something unexpected. Every year produces important changes beyond the power of human calculation. Amidst this diversity of movement, it is matter of high satisfaction that He who ordains and conducts the whole is infinite in wisdom; that he has an arm of strength, and doeth all things well. Possessing his favor, we can never be unhappy.

"Evening. 'There is no soundness in me because of sin.' All is defiled. 'Enter not into judgment with me, O Lord.' I cannot stand before thy holy justice, unmixed with sovereign mercy. I rejoice that thou canst justify the penitent believer in Jesus, without sullying the purity of thy perfections, or dishonoring thine authority. Take away my folly, I entreat thee; that, hoping to be saved by thy grace, I may delight continually to run the way of thy commandments. I ask that obstructions may be removed, that I may be active in duty.

"Oct. 5. (Sabbath evening.) 'Is God's arm shortened that it cannot save?' No, my soul, the time of thy necessity shall be, as it hath been, the time of his mercy. Here, then, let me rest. Though earthly streams diminish, and darkness rests upon the future, yet would I resolve

to meet every exigency, and endeavor to live henceforth 'as seeing him who is invisible.'

"Jan. 1817. 'I have lately thought very much of my dear departed mother, and traced many features of her character and life with clearness and deep emotion. I have, in a measure, entered into the anxieties she must have felt at leaving her children orphans in this cold world, with slender means of support, and especially destitute of the grace of God which alone could bring them salvation. Oh could I now with her talk of the way in which God has thus far led us, of the love of Christ and the joy of the Spirit, and enter with her into that sweet communion felt by Christian kindred hearts, and bend with her before the throne of grace and unite in the ardent prayer, how happy for me! But no, I must not wish it; it is selfishness. I alone could be the gainer; she must suffer loss. With her, I believe, darkness is changed into light, and this mortal is left for immortality. Faith and hope have ripened into full fruition. Let me rather strive after the same glory, and eventually meet her in that better world.

"April 15. Humbled by almost every thing that has occurred this day and evening. Pensive and dissatisfied, I come to Him who has such gifts to bestow, and ask pardon and favor, and a heart to say, 'Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints!" May this spirit accompany me to my pillow, and abide with me continually, aiding in all duty and preparation for a higher and nobler state of existence, where no intervening cloud shall ever obscure the rays of the glorious and righteous Sun.

"April 27. How many scenes do we witness which cause us to weep at the depravity of man,—his unsanctified passions governing him, sin strengthening within him, and no inward principle of grace counteracting the

dreadful tendency. How thankful should I be, if I am made to differ; if I have received a measure of that grace which subdues the power of sin; which shall complete the work it has begun, and give me, at last, a part in the purity and rest of heaven. How invaluable the Gospel, that conducts to such results. How invaluable the covenant, which secures such results to every one that takes hold of it.

'Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrow and from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.'

"April 28. (Sabbath evening.) I am consoled, softened, animated, strengthened, by the solemnities of God's house. O that my future life might receive some right coloring from the instructions, the reproofs, the exhortations of this day.

"April 31. (Wednesday evening, 11 o'clock.) Returned half an hour since from a pleasant circle of friends entertained by Mrs. W——. Our conversation, though not directly on religion, was not marred by folly, nor censure of the absent. Visiting, rightly conducted, is an estimable recreation, and attended with many benefits. It gives the mind elasticity, calls the social powers into exercise, softens, refines, animates. Too often, alas! wrongly conducted, it leads to different results.

"May 6. (Sabbath.) Made a renewed dedication of myself to God this morning in secret. I hope to keep a savor of it in my heart and conduct. Yesterday, the words, 'She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth,' were frequently in my mind. I had more to do with the world than common, though there was a call for more than ordinary retirement, the communion-service

being before me to-day. I have reason to praise God that he enabled me, in some measure, to keep my heart. May the Saviour enable me, at his table, to drink deeply into his spirit.

"Evening. 'Dead be my heart to all below.' Henceforth let me live as seeing Him who is invisible, and looking forward and expecting the time when my Lord shall come. Let me live, (oh how desirable!) not unto myself, but unto Him who laid down his life to atone for sin, and took it again to intercede for sinners. Shall not such infinite love fix my wandering heart, and rivet it to Him, the best of objects, and make it most faithful in his most divine employ?

"June 12. In conversing with dear S. J. B. in the early part of the evening on the particular providence of God, and especially in relation to myself, I felt a desire to praise him more than it is possible in this imperfect state. * * This Christian communion savors of heaven. We anticipate the riches of our eternal inheritance. * * There is another cause for thanksgiving. One in this neighborhood has, I trust, just opened the eye of faith, and fixed it on God as the centre and sum of all good. 'There is joy in the presence of the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth.'

"July 14. Greatly uncertain respecting the mind of God toward me, in the dispensations of his providence; sometimes agitated by fear, and again animated by hope. I do at this time deliberately desire to draw near to my heavenly Father, and surrender myself entirely to him; that my will may perfectly coincide with his, however crossing to nature may be his appointments; trusting that, in the future opening of his plans, I shall see reason to rejoice in whatever is allotted me; shall find it, however dark at present, shedding a prolonged ray of light and

peace over my subsequent earthly course, and preparing me more completely for the clearer light and fuller blessedness of the kingdom of heaven. This I now ask in the sacred name of the holy Trinity, in whom I firmly believe, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

"July 29. I purpose to be as retired as possible today, for self-examination and prayer. Oh for the presence of God, in my attempts thus to draw nigh unto him!

"July 30. (Evening.) 'It is well.' How sweet the frame of spirit, which enables one to say, 'It is well.' It is the sentiment of angels and of the spirits of the just escaped from mortality. It is their *heaven!* Blessed privilege of the Christian here, that he may attain a little of that which constitutes their bliss. 'It is well.' He has a God, whose government is perfect and glorious; and the vision of which evidences his faith, animates his hope, strengthens his love, and fills his soul with adoration and praise. 'It is well.' He has a *covenant* God, whose promises are immutable and sure; 'all things shall work together for his good.' How safely may he commit the interests of his body and soul into the hands of 'a faithful Creator.' 'It is well.' Though the dark cloud threaten, though intervening gloom obstruct his view, and he wonder what his course shall be; yet, amidst clouds and darkness, 'the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds,' he may rest in the wisdom, power, and truth of God most High, and, while waiting for the unfolding pages of futurity, say, 'It is well.'

"August 4. (Monday evening.) Concert of prayer for the world's conversion.

"Employed a part of the afternoon in recalling that period in which I hope divine life was breathed into my soul; while I rejoice at this great change of principles and views, I yet mourn that the new sentiments awakened

in my bosom have not more entirely influenced my practice. Imperfection has a part in every action. I come short of the glory of God. May God grant me pardon, and grace more thoroughly to sanctify my affections and aims and direct them to himself, and resolution and strength for a more faithful fulfilment of my vows.

"August 25. Sweet day—sweet evening! The interviews of yesterday with my beloved friends, S. M. C. and S. J. B., shed a kind influence on my heart, which has remained since. We humbly hope to hold ourselves in readiness for any service to which God may call us. May the offering be accepted: 'Use us for the glory of thy name, and the advancement of thy kingdom in the earth. Prepare us for the visions of thy face forever'!

"August 30. (Saturday evening.) How shall I praise thee acceptably? Every effort falls below thy worthiness. Lord, accept the wish; and, while in this body, and far from my Father's house and the pure air of heaven, assist me to aspire after its blessed abodes.

'O, it is sweet to feel this grateful joy,
And bless the source from whence these springs descend!
* * * * * * * *
Even now, confined to earth, my spirit soars,
Anticipates the *better strains* of praise
Which sound in heaven, where thou art "all in all."'

"September 5. (Friday evening, before the communion.) What prospect on earth should kindle the flame of holy love in my soul, like that of approaching the place where 'Jesus is evidently set forth, crucified before us'? When I attempt to survey the wondrous plan of salvation, the mercy and the grace appear almost too great for belief. Yet let me beware of rejecting a

system so glorious. How fatal such an error! The revelation is too clear for faith to refuse its assent; the invitation is too plain to be mistaken; and the commandment is too forcible to allow of disobedience or delay. To what source of help shall I fly, O my Saviour, but to Thee? What other fountain has power to change from moral pollution, but the fountain of thy blood? What other shield can protect the guilty sinner from the wrath of heaven, but thy boundless grace?

"Soul, art thou daily washing in this fountain? Hast thou this shield? Does the name of Jesus raise within thee emotions of sweetest harmony? Is every power striving to render him acceptable praise, and all combining to 'crown him Lord of all'?

"Do I not desire further knowledge of this Redeemer, who wears my nature, and 'sitteth at the right hand of the Father,' as intercessor for me? Am I not grieved that I have such low conceptions of his excellence, and endearing offices? Why is it, that, day by day, I am not waiting, with holy anxiety, to be introduced into his presence, where is full knowledge, purity, and bliss? How dwindles every wish, even the most fondly cherished; how sinks every earthly desire into indifference; when eternity with its amazing scenes, and a Saviour's love with its impressive claims, come into view. O to live with these visions before my mind! Moderate, O Lord, my attachment to things below, and enable me to accomplish the high ends of my being. Grant me the enjoyment of the blessings of this life, in such measure as will quicken me to aspire after a better. May afflictions, trials, pleasures, all work the same end, and the gracious promise be fulfilled unto me in covenant love—'all things shall work together for good.'

"Sept. 10. I have been making known my requests

unto God in prayer, and asking, among other things, a disposition to trust in him for all that I need. Now I arise to wait. And what is 'waiting on the Lord'? It is, if I understand it, the suppression of a too eager desire for the blessing sought; a conviction of our impotence, ignorance and unworthiness; a willingness, if God please, to have the solicited favor delayed—bestowed in any time and way which to him may seem best; a spirit submissive—quietly resigned—even if the favor should be denied. Sweet temper, and all important! Without something of it, the greatest earthly blessings lose their relish, and fill us with satiety. But this is itself compensation for good delayed. 'My soul, wait thou only upon God, from whom thy help cometh.'

"October 20. Have been reading Paradise Lost—'a feast of nectared sweets'! I have never before read Milton with such keen relish. Reality seems attached to every action, every object, delineated by this master genius.

"November 27. (Thanksgiving day.) Dined at home from choice, and spent the afterpart of the day alone, and in visiting my poor friends. It afforded me a quiet season for reviewing the mercies of the year, and forming resolutions of future duty.

"This is a day manifestly misspent by multitudes. Professed Christians even, too frequently lose sight of the very object for which it is set apart, and make it little more than a sensual feast. Alas! that the intellectual, the spiritual, should be so overlooked. How should all the inner powers, the higher and the better powers, move toward the infinite Benefactor, on such an occasion! How distinct should be the apprehension of God, the recognition of God, in every favor! And how delightful, in connection with a temperate use of his bounties, to

make glad the hearts of the poor and the needy, by rendering them participants in his favors.

"December 1. (Monday evening.) The concert of prayer has been very animating to my feelings, and I hope to thousands beside, where its benign influence extends.

"'The church shall live.' This comforting assurance is as a reviving cordial to the fainting spirit amid the mysteries of providence, the tumult of various passion, and the narrow confused views of weak man. 'The church shall live'—its members be preserved, and finally be presented with exceeding joy in the presence of the living God. Let the bright vision continually present itself to the eye of my faith, and so eclipse inferior things as to leave me possessed of a continual and holy rapture that '*the Lord reigneth*'!

"January 2, 1818. This day is set apart by the church as a day of private fasting and prayer. Had we a proper sense of this duty, how awful would be the place to which we resort, to open our bosoms to God, to mourn for sin in ourselves and others, and to deprecate its dreadful consequences. Though the life of the Christian includes habitually a decided disapprobation of sin, yet in seasons set apart for particular humiliation, he should particularly examine how far it may still have influence over him, and labor after a distinct consciousness of whatever remnants of it may still exist within him. The recollection of many wanderings the past year, to look no further back, fills me with pain and regret. 'I have sinned; what shall I do unto thee, O thou preserver of men'! Let me adore a Being of such prolonged patience, and from that very patience take encouragement to draw near, and touch the extended sceptre of grace; and, however unworthy, may I hear a voice, saying, 'This year thou shalt live; this

shall be unto thee as the beginning of months; I will henceforth be a lamp unto thy feet, and a light to thy path.'

"January 8. These hours are set apart as a season of audience with the King of heaven. They are consecrated to the purpose of spreading before his throne the complaint of orphans; as a time for pleading his promises to the fatherless, and imploring his aid. May faith be given to ask things agreeable to his will. May the sorrow and sighing of the needy, and the prayer of the destitute, so come before him this day, that he may regard and send help according to the greatness of his mercy; supply that which is lacking, and show himself a God hearing prayer; so that this day shall be remembered through the remainder of life, as a day of mercy, and as an encouragement and pledge of future interposition; so that no barrier to similar entreaty hereafter shall oppose a speedy flight to the place where relief can alone be found. O Lord, shall it be said, that thou takest no knowledge of that which is presented before thee? I plead that thou wilt so answer the prayers of this day, that thy name may be glorified, our happiness promoted, and our best interests secured."

The subject here brought to view—God's care of the orphan and the destitute—constitutes one of the most beautiful features of religion. The promises on this subject are peculiarly explicit, emphatic, and tender; and must be peculiarly sweet to the pious mind in the state supposed, and feeling its necessity. "Leave thy fatherless children," says God to the dying parent, "I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me." "He doth execute the judgment of the fatherless and widow, and loveth the stranger." "The poor committeth himself unto thee; thou art the helper of the fatherless." "A

Father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widows, is God in his holy habitation." "In thee the fatherless findeth mercy." Is it wonderful to find an orphan pleading these promises, and pleading them with great earnestness? Miss Marvin believed that the blessings of after life were connected with prayer—were connected with taking hold of these promises, and seeking God's direction and favor, according to the encouragement they afford. And who will say, that it was not a rational religion which believed so? O that all orphans would, in like manner, avail themselves of their privilege! Surely God has spoken to be believed; and in thousands of ways can he arrange his providences, to favor those who confide in him. The very act of confiding in him—the temper it implies—is favorable to safety.

"January 27. The anniversary of my birth. God of mercy, I am still permitted to 'sing of thy goodness'! O that a sense of the rapidity of time, and the uncertain continuance of life, may quicken me in obedience to the apostolic injunction; 'Be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.'

"January 29. Heavily pressed, I am almost tempted to forget my numerous mercies in the cloud of busy wishes and anxious fears. This I would not do. Let me be guided from a wilderness so dark, and with simplicity enter the path irradiated with the light of that goodness which says, 'Wait on the Lord, he shall strengthen thine heart'; 'run, and not be weary, walk and not faint'; 'thy light shall rise in obscurity, thy darkness shall be as the noon-day.' So guide me, great Jehovah. Fulfil thy promises to a feeble creature, who has no other refuge or strength.

"February 20. (Evening.) The day past is an im-

pressive emblem of life. The changes from sunshine to storm, and from storm to sunshine; from calm to agitation, and from agitation to calm again; most forcibly illustrate the fluctuations of this mortal state. Nor should I fail to notice the evening which has succeeded. Every cloud has fled, all is serene, tranquil. The 'moon's unclouded majesty' throws her silvery beams abroad, which are reflected from the icy, snow-clad face of nature, enchanting to the eye. The stars appear, beautifying the vast expanse, and elevating the mind to their glorious Creator. So may heaven burst on my ravished perception, after this varying and tumultuous scene is passed, and afford me that calm, pure, and eternal peace and joy, which God has reserved for his faithful people!

"March 24. Spent part of the day in looking over the papers of my two eldest sisters, who have long since been reposing in the dust. The tear has flowed, and an acquaintance has been obtained with their hours of seclusion, their better thoughts, which before I did not possess. This employment, too, has called me to retrace, in memory, the period of childhood; has shown me its thoughtlessness, awakened the wish that I had derived greater improvement from sisters so adequate to my instruction; and filled me with regret that I was so early deprived of two so dear.

"The idea that I have, as I trust, so many friends in a world free from sorrow, uncertainty, and uncomfortable anticipations, presents a forcible reason why I should desire to continue here only so long as it shall please Infinite Wisdom, and look forward to enjoy their society in the presence of our common Saviour forever.

"June 8. Have again been perusing the papers of a departed sister. How sweet the assurance, as a friend writes, that, as the end approached, after a deep convic-

tion of her necessities as a sinner, 'she was enabled to commit her whole interests of soul and body into the hands of a merciful Saviour. She could pray with assurance, and felt that the blood of Christ was sufficient to cleanse her from all sin, and remove all guilt, and give her acceptance before the everlasting throne.' O what gain to the believer, TO DIE!

"June 14. (Sabbath evening.) 'While they are yet speaking, I will hear.' Yes, before I spoke, thou didst send an answer of peace; an answer which, from the nature of the case, I had little reason to expect; an answer which awakens my gratitude, and draws forth some of the sweetest feelings of which I am capable. I would, by thy assisting grace, now present myself to thee for thy service in the new opening which has occurred, with the hope and prayer that thou wilt accept me, and bless me with others engaged in the good work.

"July —. Dr. Griffin's discourse, this evening, from Rev. ii. 4, 5: 'Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee,' &c., designed as preparatory to the communion, was seasonable, solemn, and deeply impressive. I felt that the text, and the enforcement of it, were to *me*. Conscious that the world had yet too great a hold on my heart, that I was not in the exercise of that first love which is sweeter than words can express, that a thousand objects wear attractions beyond their real consequence, while spiritual things are but too dimly seen, I felt distressed, and yet hardly knew where to begin to seek relief. I tried to cast myself at the foot of the cross, in all my necessities. I think God has answered my desires, though in a manner not expected. He has taught me my dependence, and granted me humbling views of myself. I would lie low at his feet, and receive pardon and grace through the blood of Christ—preparation for com-

munion, and every duty, privilege, and trial. And oh for a godly jealousy over my heart in future, that it may not be too much taken up with the vanities of time. I would even labor, in passing through this dangerous world, to keep the end in view, and so to live that I may find rest and safety in the kingdom above.

"September 23. What a precious acquisition to the community of disciples do we anticipate from the union of —— and —— to our number. O for the language of praise! Here is encouragement for parents. Two, early dedicated to God in baptism, frequently reminded of duty by parental watchfulness and pious instruction, are, in a time of general unconcern, singled out and made subjects of grace. Is it not designed as an illustration and enforcement of the covenant? Shall it not animate every parent, every friend, to diligence and faithfulness in duty? O that the whole church might arise, and cry earnestly unto God for a continuance of the blessing; that it stop not with these droppings, but increase to a plentiful shower, watering this thirsty heritage, and causing the fruits of holiness and grace to abound.

"November 14. (Saturday evening.) How often do the visions of hope disappear, and give place to sighs and regrets. Such is the present state of weak erring man. But after all God's goodness to me, why should I be solicitous? With Him are 'hid treasures.' With Him are infinite sources of blessing, both temporal and spiritual. Why, then, shall I not live by faith? Satisfied that he knows my necessities, I will make application to him for his most gracious help.

"Thanksgiving day. Reminded of blessings unnumbered—innumerable. Oh that I could offer suitable praise for such matchless goodness!

"January 2, 1819. (Saturday evening.) The clock has just struck *ten*. All is silent, the family having retired to rest. The lonely hour invites to contemplation. The year has commenced auspiciously. The voice of prayer and praise has just been ascending from the dear family circle in which I am happily included. What so sweet an emblem of heaven as such a union of hearts in an employment so pure and elevating. How exalted the privilege. Added to the interest which the beginning of the year awakens, is the expected approach to Christ's table on the morrow. The remarks of our brethren at the church meeting this evening, were highly appropriate and solemn, directing our thoughts to such passages of Scripture as the following: 'Behold, the hand of him that betrayeth me, is with me on the table.' 'Lord, is it I?' 'Who trieth the hearts and reins.' I would now in secret yield myself anew to Him who is the sovereign Lord of all, casting all my care on him who, I hope, careth for me as one of his people, desiring the manifestation of his love, the light of his reconciled countenance, a foretaste of salvation. May I sit under his shadow with great delight, having the fruit of his ordinances sweet to my taste. All through his infinite mercy in Christ. Amen.

"January 8. 'Why should a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins?' My great necessities this day require me to walk softly before God, and to bow low at his throne of grace. I have sinned. I think I apprehend something of the meaning of that passage in the 89th Psalm: 'If his children forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments; if they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments; then will I visit their transgressions with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes.' Thus runs the disciplinary part of the covenant. But the

promises follow. In them may I find refuge and peace after the chastisement of my heavenly Father. 'Nevertheless, my loving kindness will I not utterly take from them, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail. My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips.' O Lord, let it appear that thou art a God pardoning such as humble themselves before thee. Graciously bring me forth from this furnace, as gold *purified.* Thereby fit me for future duty. Direct my path. Grant me zeal in thy service; and due meekness, as a necessary accompaniment to activity in thy vineyard.

"January 30. Oh that I might cheerfully say, it is *my Father*, let him do what seemeth good in his sight. Help me, Author of grace, that my confidence may rise in proportion to the present call for it. This daily warfare is ordained to keep the spiritual weapons bright by constant use. O for strength of faith to use them successfully! Heavenly Father, from this present trial wilt thou, who hast many times delivered, still deliver again—and again make me to triumph through thine aid.

"March 22. Welcome such trials as send my affections towards heaven. Welcome such disappointments as do effectually teach me to rely with greater confidence on God.

"I have had, of late, the conviction resting on my mind, and it has been strengthened by several circumstances which have occurred, that I ought to try to live to greater purpose. I have felt disposed to embark in some new enterprise. I am not quite settled how to proceed. Many difficulties would attend the accomplishment of some plans, seriously contemplated. I feel the need of caution, because they would, no doubt, be important in their bearing on my subsequent life, and I know not ex-

actly how deeply they would affect my best interests. *I will therefore leave them, and everything respecting myself, in the hands of Him in whom I rejoice, as my Hope, my Deliverer, my Guide, my everlasting Shield.*

"May 10. A day never to be forgotten! What unlooked for scenes has it revolved upon me! It may be that this is the developement of what is intended by the mysterious impressions which have of late rested on my mind. The Lord guide me by his Spirit!

"May 19. I bless my Heavenly Father for granting me further enlargement in prayer, so that I am enabled to leave my whole case before him. I cannot tell the sweetness of this privilege. It fills my heart. It is a joy with which the stranger intermeddleth not.

"May 24. (Monday evening, 10 o'clock.) I have given dear Harriet* the parting kiss, and said 'Adieu,' forever, probably, in this world. The farewell meeting at her father's has been serious and tearful. Harriet took leave of her young friends with feelings remarkably collected. On her face I saw no tear. She has given herself to Christ and the heathen, and wishes not to go back. I wondered at my own troublesome sensibilities, which I verily believe felt all for her, which I should have felt had I been in her place. I could wish, were I to be called to the sacrifice, to appear as she did. There was a serious dignity in her manner, which I shall not soon forget. But I dare not hope that I could maintain it under such circumstances; yet I might by the aids of grace. I would do something for my Lord. I would be peculiarly engaged in his service. Heavenly Father, I entreat thy direction. I would submit it to Thee *how* and *where*.

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* Mrs. Harriet (Lathrop) Winslow, now departing, with her companions, on their mission to Ceylon.

"June 29. The service of my blessed Redeemer! Yes, I ask ability to engage in this service actively, successfully; and grace, that, after having labored here my appointed time, rejoicing in my work, I may enter into everlasting rest in his heavenly kingdom.

"July 1. Since the age of sixteen, how various have been my views and feelings, and the scenes through which I have been led; how narrow have been my escapes; how wretched would have been my state, had the secret wishes of my heart, in some particular instances, been accomplished; how dangerous, in others, would it have been, had my fondest hopes met a full realization. In all things the providence of God is wise. I am entirely satisfied that in every instance in which he has denied me, that denial has been for my good, and I rejoice.

"July 4. (Sabbath morning.) 'The disciples were early at the sepulchre.' Verily I have need to 'come and see the place where the Lord lay.' O for proper apprehensions, this day, of his dying love, his rising greatness, his continued intercession, his glorious person, his holy character, his divine requisitions, his complete salvation! With these views may I approach his table.

"July 6. 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.' Shall I disbelieve that the peace experienced four days past, is from any other than the Lord? No raptures, but a sweet calmness, and that amidst some outward trials, has marked my way. To my Redeemer be the praise!

"July 29. Refreshing indeed are the assurances of God's word to his trembling people. Soul, art thou prostrate at his feet, continually seeking his teaching, his unerring direction? Oh get thee there, remain there; and there drink draughts at the blessed fountain, that shall satisfy thy thirst; there listen to his voice, and receive

the precious promises as thine. In the strength of love say:—

> 'Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
> I'd give them all to thee:
> Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
> Should join the harmony.'

"July 24. (Saturday evening.) Wind of the Spirit, breathe on this cold, lifeless heart of mine, and wake it to warmth and vigor and life. I do thirst for a moment, sometimes, for a more abundant draught from the infinite fountain.

"July 25. (Sabbath morning.) Blessed hours! How elevated the employment appropriate to this day. What honor does it confer on mortals to be engaged in the work and worship of the Lord.

"October 5. I dedicate myself anew to God. I intend to live more for him than I have done. In order to this, I beseech grace to be more prayerful; to be punctual and faithful in self-examination; to refrain from foolish conversation; to keep a strict watch over all my affections, and labor after a humble, quiet, submissive frame of spirit.

"October 10. (Sabbath.) Our Sabbath school had a visit to-day from the celebrated Lancaster, author of the Lancasterian system of instruction, so called. The visit was one of interest, and adapted to be useful. The school exercises closed early, and he arose to address the teachers, which he did in such a simple, affectionate, impressive manner, as was very moving to the feelings. He particularly exhorted them to unity, and self-dedication to their work, together with much earnest prayer. He pointed them to Christ's command to Peter, 'Feed my lambs.' He encouraged them to continue their labors with dili-

gence and perseverance, though immediate results should not appear, from the example of 'the shepherds,' who did not cease watching their flocks at *night;* that it was *night* when the angel appeared to bring the glad tidings of a Saviour's birth; it was *night* when the 'multitude of the heavenly host' joined the angel, their voices broke upon the darkness with the enraptured shout, 'Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good will to men.' He urged to tenderness and forbearance, from the example of Jacob, in his apology to Esau; 'The children are tender, and the flocks and the herds that are with me, and if men should overdrive them *one day,* all the flock would die.' He closed with such pathos and tenderness, such elevated sentiment, such devotional ardor, as recalled forcibly to my mind the words of Milton, describing the effect of Raphael's discourse on Adam:

> 'The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
> So charming left his voice, that he a while
> Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear.'

"October 24. Spent a very interesting hour with our venerable friend Mrs. Lanman, in familiar conversation on experimental religion."

Mrs. Lanman was an elderly lady of great intelligence and excellence of character, and truly a mother in Israel. It is delightful to see such an one, in elevated life, using all her influence for Christ; admitting the young to freedom of intercourse; counselling, encouraging, aiding them in the ways of truth and piety. About ten years afterward, on perusing the funeral sermon of Mrs. Lanman, are the following remarks: "It recalled some affecting things to my mind. Well do I remember the good

old lady's chamber of prayer, where I was first introduced to a circle of praying females. It appeared to me then as 'the gate of heaven.'"

"November 2. 'Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief.' Amidst clouds and darkness, thou hast assisted me, as I think, to embrace in faith the promises of thy word. The recollection of such times gives a spring to my drooping spirits, and cheers me in my endeavors to do thy will.

"November 13. (Saturday evening.) Well do I remember the feelings which arose from a particular circumstance one year ago this evening. Then, in this place, I knelt with inward as well as outward prostration. Then I spread my cause before God, and entreated his guidance. I told him my desires and griefs. I made known the particular temptations which surrounded me. I besought that I might not be brought under their power. I left myself with him; I gave myself anew to him; and the season was refreshing. In due time he sent me relief; and has left me to admire the footsteps of his providence, the 'conduct of his grace.' This evening I feel called on afresh to praise him. How great and tender his care of those who seek him. 'I will give thanks unto thee forever.'

"November 27. (Saturday evening.) The evening returns which has so frequently found me visiting my poor friends,* and I cannot but feel pain at the thought that such seasons, useful to myself, if not beneficial to them, have ceased. I have been out in the little arbor at the end of the garden, to look across the river at their new dwelling. The moon shone brightly, and made the scenery appear beauti-

* See the notice of these visits before given, pp. 33—36.

ful. Two or three lights from the house twinkled, and, as I fancied, from the rooms which they occupied. At the end of the path which leads from the house to the water, was another light, apparently held by some one about to embark in the boat which lies at the place. The water, the islands, the surrounding woods, the noisy water-fall, the lighted houses at the Mill village, with the steep on which I was, and the scenery behind me—the garden, house, and buildings attached—the whole presented a spectacle enchanting beyond description. I looked at the house where probably a few were thinking of me, for a little season, and raised my petition to heaven for them. The tears of memory, pity, hope, started from my eyes; I could not repress them. I was reminded, too, that a period not far distant would find me bidding adieu to this charming spot. But the beauties of heaven shall be eternal; and amidst them shall be the eternal home of all God's chosen ones.

"December 8. (Wednesday.) The day which gives to a church in Newburyport, in which I feel a special interest, a pastor. The weather is delightful. May it be an emblem of all that is to follow!

"December 9. After the holiest duties are performed, how apt is the tempter to try his power on our feeble and vain natures. And how oft, alas! he gains some victory, as a counter-balance to the victory which had just been won from him. Thus we struggle on. But Christ is *stronger than the strong man armed.* To all who trust in him, the final victory is sure—eternal triumph.

"December 19. (Sabbath evening.) Last evening was observed as a season of solemn thanksgiving and praise to God for his mercies.

"January 8, 1820. This day returns the anniversary of a most interesting occasion under date of 1818. How

fresh and sweet is the recollection of that season, when, with a humbled heart, I felt constrained to set apart a day of private fasting, and prayer to God for particular favors. The lonely situation of myself, sisters and brother, a family of orphans, had produced in my mind a deep conviction of the necessity of some interposition in our behalf. After much serious and painful consideration, and many secret tears, it came to my mind that God must be 'our refuge and strength,' our 'help in time of trouble.' I reasoned thus: To whom shall I go, but unto God? Who else can do for us what we need? He is infinite in wisdom; infinite in power; infinite in mercy. To God will I resort. In a day set apart for this purpose, and with fasting, will I draw near to Him, earnestly desiring him to direct our steps, and stretch out his holy arm in interpositions for us, such as he shall see to be for our good.

"The day was a rich blessing to my own soul. A sweet calmness pervaded it; added to which was an abiding belief that God would regard my supplications; and I believe that my prayer has been answered. Gladly do I behold the day that brings to my recollection how great things God hath done for me, and the beloved ones with whom I am connected. Joyfully would I spend this day in ascriptions of praise to Him, who inclined my heart to wait on him, and to continue waiting; and hath shown himself faithful in his covenant with the needy.

"January 15. My field of usefulness is diminished. My poor friends, while they were in my neighborhood, called forth my sympathies, and furnished me many hours of interesting employment. It is a source of deep regret, and makes me sometimes sad, that I have no prospect of visiting them, or others where I might do similar kindness, during the inclement season; and I am often fearful that

I shall forget those sweet charities which warmed and animated my bosom, while objects were near towards which they were cherished. I have, however, one precious privilege and means of usefulness left. It is access to a throne of grace. There I may come for myself and others; for individuals, churches, nations; the whole household of God, a world of sinners.

"January 27. My birth-day. The years glide away, and what record do they leave of me? Alas! how do they tell of my remisness in duty; of the little accomplished by my instrumentality. Oh to be made more faithful in fulfilling the purposes of my being."

The foregoing passages, from the journal of Miss Marvin—being occasional notices, scattered through a period of between six and seven years—furnish a general developement of her habits of thought and feeling during that time, and of the kind of life she was living. The developement is alike honorable to her mind and heart. There is manifest, it will probably be acknowledged by all, a vigor of intellect, a maturity of views, an accuracy and thoroughness of religious knowledge, a self-control, a reliance on the promises of God, a spirit of habitual devotion, a love of prayer and of doing good, a feeling that she was to live, not for herself, but for Christ and his kingdom, and a constant reference to eternity—much more than is usual, especially with persons in early life. How unlike this, to the course of one who lives for show! Yet she was not a gloomy Christian. There was nothing of asceticism about her. There was a buoyancy of spirit, and a going out of herself in sympathy with those around her—sympathy with their joys, as well as their sorrows—and a heart feeling an interest in every thing, that

made her religion a cheerful religion. The prayer and the active service rendered by her to Christ during these years, constituted an amount of religious life and influence, which could not have been spared without loss to the world; and also gave presage of what was to be realized in her subsequent course.

CHAPTER IV.

Her Marriage—The views with which she entered on the duties of her new station.

On the 4th of May, 1820, Miss Marvin was married to the Rev. Luther F. Dimmick, of Newburyport, Massachusetts, and shortly after accompanied her husband to the field of his labors, where she passed the remainder of her life.

The views with which Mrs. Dimmick entered upon the duties of her new station, were in harmony with the character she had previously exhibited. From her first thought of becoming the wife of a Christian minister, the subject presented itself to her as one of great moment. "The duties to which you invite me," she said, "are arduous, and yet of high interest. They are such as an angel might delight in. I am not insensible to their exalted nature, or to the pleasure which must flow from the faithful performance of them. But accompanying this, there is a painful sense of deficiency in my own case, which to hide would be deception, and would make future developement doubly to be deplored. I shrink from the prospect. The ground is consecrated, I fear to tread it."

Sentiments like these she frequently expressed while she had the subject under consideration, or the duties were in prospect. June 3, 1819. "I should never dare

to engage in the duties of such a station, did I not rest upon that passage of inspired truth, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.'" July 3. "If I contemplate my future prospects, as a companion of a minister of the gospel, how much aid ought I fervently to supplicate that I may meet properly the responsibilities of such a station." August 8. "Will God, indeed, strengthen me to do something, though it should be comparatively but a little, in his service. May I labor in his vineyard, honoring his name. This I shall account the highest honor to myself; an honor not always appreciated by the world, but which shall appear in its reality in the future kingdom, where spiritual things shall rise in their glory, and Christ shall recompense his faithful servants." "When my heart sinks, Cowper's remark comes to my remembrance, 'Arms shall be provided with orders.'" Aug. 17. "God has done much for me in calling me to such a service, in which he has gratified the peculiar taste and feelings which he has himself implanted." Nov. 21. "I find it very necessary specially to supplicate for myself qualifications for a service which appears increasingly important."

She had prayed that God would direct in regard to the particular field or location, which her expected companion and herself should occupy. Thoughts had been entertained of a mission to the heathen. Though she never had felt the deep conviction of duty in regard to the missionary life which some others have felt, and considered herself less fitted than many others for some of its peculiar duties and trials, yet the surrender of herself to her Creator was entire: "With Thee, all, all is left, do Thou thy sovereign pleasure." "I submit to thee how and where. Let thy providence and grace select, accomplish." "Lord, do thou direct. May God's will be my will."

When her thoughts came to be directed towards the place she at length occupied, the subject assuming greater definiteness in her view, she was still more solicitous for preparation to meet whatever the providence of God should devolve upon her. Sept. 16. "Am I at all prepared to enter so responsible a station? I fear that I am not." "Anew would I devote myself to thee, O thou King in Zion, great Head of the church, and to thy service. Gifts and grace are with Thee. Qualify me for important service in thy kingdom. Teach me especially, ignorant as I am of the peculiar duties thou mayest require, (though I trust congenial with the taste thou hast given me,) and aid me, that thy name may be glorified, and good accomplished. Bestow what is needful; supply what is lacking. I yield myself to Thee, to be moulded 'after the counsel of thy will.'" Sept. 19. "May heart and soul be fully engaged in whatever service may await me, and in whatever place. Give me a 'zeal according to knowledge'; special love to the particular work I may have to do; health of body, as well as soundness of mind; and all meetness for the exemplary and right discharge of all to which I may be called." Nov. 18. "I earnestly implore grace to maintain constant activity in the service of Christ." Nov. 27. "I feel that I need an increase of qualifications—particularly an increase of knowledge, faith, and love." Dec. 8. (The day of her future husband's ordination.) "May we both be this day consecrated to the service of Christ in his church by the unction of the Holy Ghost. Remembering that we have been bought with His precious blood, may we devote ourselves faithfully to the work He shall give us to do." Jan. 12, 1820. "I am afraid your people are expecting more, by a great deal, than they can possibly have in me, and this frequently gives me uneasiness. Do try,

when you have suitable opportunity, to convince them that in this they must set their views very low." Jan. 23. "I have been seriously questioning myself as to my preparation of heart to be the companion of a Christian minister, and aid him in his important work. I have much cause for humiliation and self-abasement; and I pray that all-sufficient grace may fit me for every duty that will devolve on me, and keep me from dishonoring that holy name I profess to serve and love." March 20. (Sabbath evening.) "This evening I have endeavored to give myself to my Saviour anew for his special service. But I am a poor feeble creature. I do not know whether I ever shall do you, or the church of Christ, any good." "It is better, indeed, to be a little Christian, than no Christian; and if I can attain this, I must be grateful." March 27. "Make thy face to shine on me, O Lord, that, growing in grace, I may come to thy work with activity and holy zeal, to fill a place vacated by one eminent in piety and much beloved, [Mrs. Spring,] so as to bring honor to thy name. Prepare me for duty, I entreat thee."

The passages which have now been brought to view, have been taken, partly from her private record, and partly from her letters during the period in question, the whole thrown together in the order in which they were written. They show that, in looking forward to the service to which she expected to be called, she sought not her own indulgence. It was, indeed, a service which would gratify the peculiar taste and feelings which God had given her, and the faithful performance of which, she felt, would afford her much pleasure. But she had not the most distant thought of making her position a sinecure. She did not, even in her family, expect a life of ease; or to live to receive good, without imparting it. It

was not congenial to her nature. Whatever consideration her station as a clergyman's wife might give her, she desired to lay it all on the altar of God, and use it, with every other possession, for his glory and the highest good of those among whom it should be her lot to dwell. The following is her first record after arriving at the place of her future residence.

"Newburyport, 4th July, 1820. In this place, on this day, recognizing God's hand in all the past, I commence a new era of my life. Father of infinite mercies, I am a living monument that thou art God; that thou art what thou hast revealed thyself, the Father of the fatherless, the Helper of the defenceless, the Hearer of prayer, the Guide of youth, the great God that doeth all things, and bringeth to pass all his counsel. Help me to adore and bless thy name, full of wonder; assist my spirit to holy joy, that I am made to understand thy power and love in all the dispensations of thy hand toward me. Let no unholy pride find entrance into my heart; for thou performest thy works for thine own sake, for the display of thy sovereignty, for the exercise of thy benevolence, for the fulfilment of thy promise to Christ thy Son, and that the highest note of the redeemed may swell with the acclamation, 'Not unto us, not unto us, but to thy name be the glory!' Lord, do thou bring every power which I possess into captivity to thyself, and employ me wholly in thy service. Great is my work: let my faith and love also be great, and great my spirit of obedience."

CHAPTER V.

The province of Woman — Mrs. Dimmick's domestic virtues — Her special qualifications for a Clergyman's Wife.

Much is said of the province of woman. By some, woman's appropriate sphere is made exceedingly narrow; by others, it is made exceedingly wide.

It is no derogation from woman's honor, to suppose that she is created for purposes somewhat peculiar; that, in the all-wise counsels of the sovereign Creator, she is appointed to a service in some important respects different from that of man. The voice of nature itself, through all nations and through all time, teaches that it is so. The very constitution of the different sexes shows them designed for different spheres. Man has more of strength; woman has more of frailty. Man has more of roughness; woman has more of delicacy.

> "For contemplation he, and valor formed,
> For softness she and sweet attractive grace."

Man has more of independence, and loves to extend protection; woman has more that is confiding, and that rejoices under the shadow of another's care. Man has—or should have—a certain something which we call *man-*

liness. Woman has a certain something different from this, which we call *womanliness.* Each, in the subject to which it appropriately belongs, is beautiful, excellent, admirable; but each, transferred to the opposite sex, is out of place and awakens repugnance. An *effeminate* man—a *masculine* woman—no one delights to contemplate such an object.

The two classes, therefore, judging from the very constitution of their being, are manifestly designed for different courses of action. Man is fitted for the severer duties—for the forum, the senate-chamber, the judge's bench, the toils of the field, the scenes of the stormy ocean. Woman is fitted for calmer avocations. Woman's sphere is, primarily, her house. "Where is Sarah, thy wife?" said the Infinite One to the father of the faithful. "And he said, Behold, in the tent!" Beautiful picture! Woman is the light of her house; she is the ministering angel to her household; the presiding genius in the domestic establishment; the life, the animating spirit, the adorning, of all we mean by the sacred word *Home!*

It is in view of the considerations now mentioned, that the apostle gives his directions on this subject. "Let your women keep silence in the churches: for it is not permitted unto them to speak. . . . For it is a shame for women to speak in the church." "I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence." The rougher employments, the bolder, do not become her; she was not made for them. Among the twelve apostles, there was no woman appointed—not one. Among the seventy disciples, we are not informed that a single woman was included.

But, on the other hand, the views obtained from these expressions of the apostle, and these facts in scriptural history, respecting the province of woman, are not to be

so pressed as to preclude her from engaging in any but strictly family cares. Miriam, and Deborah, and Huldah, were prophetesses, acting, in some sense, in public capacities, and some of them at least uttering responses in the name of the Lord. Deborah, indeed, told Barak, that on *him* it devolved to lead in the enterprise of conducting Israel against their enemies. But when he declined, she took the responsibility on herself, adding, "notwithstanding the journey that thou takest shall not be for thine honor; for the Lord shall sell Sisera into the hand of a woman." It was not the appropriate business of *woman* to stand at the head of this movement, but of man. If man failed in duty, the exigency might justify woman in doing what would not otherwise have been so proper. Yet even this was done, doubtless, as also the acts of the others mentioned, in a manner comporting with the modesty appropriate to the female character. Anna was a prophetess, and "departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayers night and day," in a manner, without question, becoming the modesty of her sex. Philip, the evangelist, "had four daughters, virgins, which did prophecy," in retired ways it is to be presumed, and such as were dictated by female delicacy, exerting many influences for the advancement of religion, and perhaps speaking sometimes by inspiration of the Spirit. Phebe was a "servant of the church at Cenchrea." Paul says, "Salute Tryphena and Tryphosa, who labor in the Lord. Salute the beloved Persis, which labored much in the Lord." And again, "Help those women which labored with me in the gospel." They labored, unquestionably, in a manner consonant with his own rules; if it had not been so, he would not have spoken thus commendingly of them.

There is a work for woman, then, directly connected

with the advancement of the kingdom of Christ. Besides "looking well to the ways of her own household," besides "stretching out her hand to the poor and to the needy," imitating the example of Dorcas, who was "full of good works and alms-deeds which she did," she may, in retired and modest ways, speak for God; may "labor much in the Lord;" may labor, in an appropriate way, and subject to apostolic rules, in private counsel, instruction and prayer, thus aiding the commissioned minister of God in the gospel. Indeed, woman never appears in her true glory, till her heart is thus expanded; till, as opportunity offers, she has, in her gentle and persuasive eloquence, a word of admonition for the wayward, of consolation for the sorrowing, of instruction for the ignorant, of direction for the inquiring. Her winning influence, which finds its way to the heart where rougher endeavors are repelled, it is her duty, as it is her glory, to consecrate to Christ and his cause.

Especially is this required in the wife of a clergyman. Some one has said, that a woman may lead an inquirer to her pastor. Why may she not lead an inquirer to Christ? If God has given her an understanding adequate, and a heart to feel and pray, and a tongue to speak, and she meets with one asking what he shall do to be saved, why shall she not herself direct him to the cross—to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," relying on almighty grace to make her endeavors the means of eternal life to a perishing soul? "I am deprived," says Calvin, "of the most excellent of partners for life—*optima socia vitæ*—who, had it been necessary, would have been my willing companion not only in banishment and want, but in death itself. During her life she was a true helper in my official duties."

Mrs. Dimmick passed between the two extremes. She

did not neglect her house. So far as duty required, she was, like the ancient exemplar, "in the tent." She was the light of her house; the presiding genius in the management of its affairs; the enlivener of all the sweet charities that bless the family circle; laboring to fulfil woman's great destiny in this most important station of her earthly existence. The vision of the perfect woman, presiding and directing in all the affairs of her house, and conferring blessings on her household, was before her mind, and she endeavored, as far as practicable in this imperfect state, to realize it in her life.

Among the virtues that shone in Mrs. Dimmick's management of her house, was frugality. Waste gave her pain. Extravagance was opposed to all the sentiments she was accustomed to cherish. As a friend has observed since her departure, she "had a modest taste." In dress, in furniture, she was ready to do with as little as was consistent with her station. Her table was spread with things wholesome and abundant, but not lavish in dainties. "In every thing," as a judicious obituary, soon after her decease, expresses it, "her desire was, with decent simplicity, to make her family and friends comfortable, rather than incur expense for needless things."

In her house she was also a pattern of industry. She had no idle time. It was a settled principle with her, that life was given to be employed; and though in her station, many duties devolved on her of a peculiar character, different from household cares, yet, as the mistress of a family she was abundantly diligent. In the numerous duties pertaining to woman at the head of her house, she accomplished more than many who have these avocations alone to pursue. Her life was a carrying out of the remark made of her early years; "she was never known to be idle."

Her versatility, or the ease with which she could turn from one duty or employment to another, was striking; from superintending some culinary process, for instance, to the entertaining of company, and from company back to the previous duty—from her needle, to redress the grievances of a child, or hear a lesson, and this despatched, back to the needle again. Whatever might be her particular engagement, a superior claim always found her ready to relinquish it. Nor was the interruption attended with peevishness, as is too often the case; it was met with good nature and cheerfulness. The remark of another was frequently repeated by her, in connection with incidents of this sort; "The one who wishes to see me, is the one I wish to see."

She delighted in making her house the seat of hospitality. One of the sources of satisfaction in having a house of her own was, that it might be for the entertainment of friends. In a letter of July 28, 1824, she alludes to this subject. Some apprehension having been expressed that she was doing more than her strength would enable her to sustain, she replied, "It is the natural result of the station we fill. I trust we shall ever be able to use hospitality without grudging. I can assure you, from experience, that there is much real satisfaction in the practice of this virtue. It contains a double blessing; it blesses him that gives, as well as him that receives. The apostle enjoins, 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.' I often find this the delightful result; at least, those who are the care of angels, and who shortly will be 'as the angels,' are thus brought to my acquaintance. Who can but delight to open his door and his heart to a fellow-pilgrim journeying the same way to the same heavenly home with himself, surrounded by the same enemies, and

animated by the same spirit, and serving the same Lord? I am too happy in the duty of entertaining friends, especially Christian friends, to be willing to lay aside or diminish aught from the practice."

Mrs. Dimmick diffused around her, in her house, an air of cheerfulness. She made her guests feel that they were welcome, and thus put them at ease. Her intercourse with them was intellectual, as well as social and moral, tending to improve the mind and the heart. At a very early period, her views were incidentally expressed on this subject. "May my house be ordered after the rules of God's word. May all who shall be around me witness correctness of habits, prudence in management, kindness and sweetness of temper, in all circumstances proceeding from a principle of love to God and love to men—a supreme desire to glorify Christ before the world, that his kingdom may be promoted." This was her idea of her house, that it should be held for God, and be the abode of frugality, industry, hospitality, all the virtues that render a family and visiters happy, and all the influences that favor the higher interests of another state of existence.

In the religious instruction of her household she was specially diligent. The Sabbath school lesson of the children was repeated to her, usually Saturday afternoon, and pains were taken that they should well understand it. It was her wish that each child should commit to memory entire the *Assembly's Shorter Catechism;* which was done by all who had been under her care a sufficient length of time. Sabbath evening she would often repeat with them this compend of Christian doctrine, that it might be kept fresh in their minds, and for her own satisfaction also; speaking of the benefit which had accrued to herself from having learned it in her youth, and the pleasure its truths

still afforded her, and urging their importance to the young mind. Once a week, usually Saturday evening, it was her custom to spend a season—half an hour, sometimes an hour—with those in her employ, in serious conversation about spiritual things, and especially their own spiritual welfare. To this evidently it may be traced, in connection with the more general influences which she exerted, that a large proportion of those who resided with her, during the years of her house-keeping, were spiritually benefitted in her family—a number having there received their first abiding religious impressions, and commenced the Christian life.

Mrs. Dimmick extended her beneficence beyond the circle of her own family. The poor, the afflicted, the infirm, the aged who had few friends, drew forth her peculiar sympathy. The developements of her early life in regard to this subject, were only a sample of what continued substantially to the end. There seemed ever reigning in her bosom much of the sentiment commended by our Saviour; "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind; and thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee; for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just." It gave her a rich satisfaction, when it could be done, to invite such to her house. Often, too, was a plate sent from her table, with a portion for some needy one. According to her means, she was ever ready and prompt to do good to all.

Mrs. Dimmick had a great reverence for age. It was her delight to honor it, and minister to its necessities. "What dignity attaches to age," she remarked, "especially when found in the way of righteousness; when the mind is stored with wisdom, and the heart with the graces of piety. It surpasses all the excellence of youth, and is an

object on which the eye loves to dwell." The passages of the Bible relating to this subject, she highly appreciated. "Honor thy father and thy mother." "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man, and fear thy God." And she thought it one of the most appalling indications of depravity, and one of the darkest presages of approaching evil, when "the child behaves himself proudly against the ancient, and the base against the honorable." No decrepitude, bending under a weight of years, or poverty, or obscurity, could turn away her regard from *age*. She saw in it what God requires us to honor, and toward which her heart rose up spontaneously in obedience to his command.

But the labors of Mrs. Dimmick were not simply the domestic duties, and common charities, now alluded to. Beyond this circle, indeed, what she attempted, was attempted with an habitual regard to what she believed to be woman's appropriate sphere. To the voice of nature, through all times and in all countries, assigning woman a work corresponding to her fragile frame and shrinking mind, she did not stop her ears. To the teachings of the Scriptures on this subject, as on others, she felt it her honor to yield the most ready obedience. The scriptural rule was to her no galling yoke, but a rule of light and of love.

On the other hand, what liberty God allowed her, what opportunities he opened before her, and what ability he had given her to be useful to her fellow-creatures—these she wished to use, all of them, in his service and to his glory. She was not one of those who inquire how little they may do—how narrow they may make the circle of their influence—without forfeiting the Christian character and the favor of God. She rather inquired how much she might do—over how wide a circle she might spread

her influence—and labored to fill that circle with as many acts of duty as she had strength to perform.

Mrs. Dimmick had some peculiar qualifications for a minister's wife. As a helper to her husband in the peculiar work of his profession, few probably have surpassed her. Mention might be made here of her assiduities in sickness, which were such as to merit the most grateful remembrance. No toils, no watchings, were in her esteem too much to be endured. The nurse shone in her with impressive faithfulness. But more than this—and more appropriately pertaining to the theme mentioned—in her character she was intellectual. She was a lover of knowledge. Though a slender constitution, as already remarked, prevented her, during many of her first years, from tasking herself in the schools as others did, yet, beside the common branches of education, she early made herself acquainted with the more important branches of history, and some of the best poets and works of taste.

After she became a clergyman's wife, and had family and parochial cares, she still redeemed time for reading. In the line of religious reading alone, besides many other volumes, large and small, and besides periodical and newspaper articles, constantly occurring, she early read Scott's Commentary on the Scriptures entire; then Henry's Commentary entire; and in the last two or three years of her life, Adam Clark's Commentary entire. The last mentioned, in particular, has, through all its parts, numerous marks made by her hand, against passages that struck her with peculiar interest or force, showing that it was read with care.

Among her papers is a slip containing a "list of books read in 1825," and another, "a list read in 1826." The authors on whom she bestowed her attention were such as follow: Foster, Buck, Mason, Flavel, Erskine, Irving,

Wilberforce, Orton, Rambach, Butler, Baxter, Dwight, Marshall, Milner, Davies; beside the smaller works that fell in her way. The list entire would show a large amount of intellectual labor performed. This may serve as a hint to those who think they cannot get time to read. Mrs. Dimmick was not, indeed, encumbered with the care of young children; yet she had a family, and besides that not a few extraneous duties to perform.

It ought to be stated in connection with the things now brought to view, that Mrs. Dimmick was at this time favored with having a sister with her. This sister, Miss Penelope Jarvis Marvin, a little older than herself, came to reside with her soon after her marriage, and continued with her till her own marriage, in 1826. By this sister, between whom and herself there was the warmest attachment, Mrs. Dimmick was relieved, in part, in regard to household cares, and was enabled thus to devote more time to reading, and the other objects mentioned, than she could otherwise have done.

The love of reading was often of signal service to her husband. During their married life, they generally had some book of interest to both, to read together; the reading of which was performed by her, while it was his privilege to hear. Every man—and especially every clergyman—has some *weary hours*, in which he is unfit for any mental exertion. He can throw himself down, and receive knowledge if it is brought him—rest, and be instructed at the same time. In these hours, and in some days of partial illness, Mrs. Dimmick's services in this respect have been of signal benefit. Many are the volumes and periodicals and pamphlets, which she and her husband have thus gone through together.

Her reading, moreover, especially of the lighter and ephemeral productions, in many instances, furnished her

husband with a general view of their character, without the trouble, on his part, of perusing them, any striking passages being marked for his benefit. Beside all which it qualified her to be a profitable companion intellectually, as well as in humbler pursuits.

While Mrs. Dimmick had an intellectual character, she had also a nature susceptible of the highest feeling. Some individuals are constituted with a very clear and accurate mind, capable of intellectual effort, but are deficient in heart; the power of emotion lies dormant, or exists in them in but an imperfect degree. Others again are constituted to feel strongly—are often the subjects of powerful emotion—to whom discriminating and sound judgment is not given for its regulation. In Mrs. Dimmick there was a combination of the intellectual and the moral in very just proportions. While she had a mind to appreciate truth, she had also a heart to feel in view of it. There was nothing of the stoic about her. Her soul was instinct with life; and from whatever quarter truth reached her, there was a waking up of warm responding sentiments. When she thought of God, there was devotion, emotions of reverence and praise; when she thought of Christ, there was love and thankfulness for his great salvation; when she thought of the past, she seemed herself to live over again its scenes; when she thought of the future, it was present to her in some degree as a reality. The worlds of science and taste, as far as she had entered these departments, met an active response from her bosom. Towards heaven, all her inner powers kindled. While, on the other hand, the sentiment of the Psalmist was her's, "Horror hath taken hold upon me, because of the wicked that forsake thy law."

This balance in her character—the power to think, and the power to feel—strong in both its parts, her friends

cannot but love to contemplate, in praise of the goodness which made her so, and in hope that her example may be of use in promoting similar traits in others.

One of the ways in which Mrs. Dimmick rendered aid to her husband in his ministerial work, was that of standing between him and interruptions from company. Every pastor, indeed, has need to mingle with men; with the church and people of his charge, and with such portions of the great world as may be moving around him. Yet the pastor cannot be always in company. He must have his secluded hours—hours free from interruption. More than this, the choicest part of his time he must live in his study, if he would prosecute effectually the ministry which he has received. And highly favored may he consider himself, if he has a companion gifted with the powers of conversation, who is able and ready to entertain such company as he cannot conveniently see; who can be his representative, to some extent, in the intercourse of social life, and report to him whatever of passing information it may be important for him to possess. Such a companion is a connecting link between him and his people, of great value; doing a work, often, which he could not do, and saving him his time for the higher duties of the study—the careful and profound investigations of truth—without which no ministry can be permanently successful.

And few wives of clergymen, probably, have rendered their husbands more valuable service in this respect, than the subject of this Memoir. She possessed a talent for conversation, above what is ordinary. It met her taste to mingle with intelligent minds and especially with such as are usually inclined to visit a clergyman's house. She often felt visits from such to be profitable to herself; and when it was otherwise, if she could make them profitable

to others, she was satisfied, and rejoiced in the good accomplished.

Her ideas of the Christian ministry—of its ends and duties—were of the most enlarged and elevated kind. She viewed the ministry as one of the leading institutions of God, and it was sacred in her esteem. To aid the ministry she deemed her highest honor, as it was her highest delight. Her conversations in regard to the ministry—its duties, and the methods of performing them—were instructive and profitable. In speaking with her on these themes, the individual always felt that he was conversing with one who had thoughts worthy to be listened to—a judgment not lightly to be disregarded. Her suggestions were of value, often, in respect to topics for discourses, to meet the exigencies of the times; supplied hints, not unfrequently, towards the filling out of their parts, or making them better for a second delivery after she had heard them; and were much in place in regard to the manner of their delivery. Further than this, when, in the hurry of composition, her husband has wanted a historical fact, or a scrap of poetry, her memory has frequently supplied him with the reference, or her industry, cheerfully withdrawn from other avocations, has sought it out for him. Services of this kind have been too numerous and valuable, and too cheerfully rendered, to be easily forgotten.

Mrs. Dimmick's sympathies, as well as a sense of duty, led her to be a frequent visitant at the houses of sickness and affliction. What she had done in this respect, in earlier years, had been a school qualifying her for such services. Her visits at such places are believed to have been always acceptable, often strongly desired, and manifestly useful. Beside any little temporal aid she might afford, when it was needed, her kind interest usual-

ly awakened an interest in return. Her affectionate counsels, by the side of the sick bed, or to the sorrowing heart, were soothing, and always tended to direct the sufferer to the true source of help. She had the faculty of discriminating in regard to different cases, and urging the needful truth with peculiar fidelity and tenderness, to which was added, frequently, prayer with the afflicted, fervent, from the warmth of her heart.

She had more than ordinary skill in directing inquirers on the subject of religion. She was accustomed, generally, when circumstances allowed, to accompany her husband to those more private meetings appointed for the serious minded for personal conversation, where males and females were mingled together; and her conversation in these meetings with different individuals was often of great value; it was discriminating, it was decided, it was faithful. Those who were anxious to find the right way loved to have her speak to them; and not a few are the cases in which benefit was received from the words of her lips; some instruction conveyed to the mind, or some doubt resolved, or some weak purpose strengthened, or some conviction deepened—something done, towards the grand result of reconciliation to God and eternal life.

Many also were the hours which she spent at her own house with individuals who called expressly to converse with her in regard to their spiritual interests. "No other one," said an individual who had thus done, "was ever so great a help to me, in leading me to the strait gate, if indeed I ever found it. She had the power of choosing out acceptable words." In cases of difficulty, doubt, timidity, embarrassment, she was patient, and acted with good judgment and fidelity. Time, which, under some circumstances, a pastor can with difficulty spare, she could more conveniently bestow. And it was bestowed

always cheerfully; and it is believed that the record of such labors, in the light of another world, will disclose a high amount of good thus accomplished.

The Sabbath school, after her settlement in life, as before, continued to be a chosen field of her labor. She was still an efficient teacher, and for several years an assistant to the superintendent in the female department; and was rarely absent from her place, when at home and in health. The sickness which terminated in her death, alone separated her permanently from this employment.

In the female prayer-meeting she felt a deep interest, and made effort to render it useful. Before she came to her new place of residence, she says, "It gave me much satisfaction to know that there are with you female meetings for fasting and prayer; much good may be hoped from such meetings." When she came, she entered into them with her characteristic ardor.

For many years, moreover, she was connected with the Female Orphan Asylum of Newburyport, as a member of its Board of Managers; and "was considered eminently qualified," "both by her mental accomplishments, and judicious councils, to preside or aid in the management of this or any society."

A passage from the "obituary," mentioned on a former page, may properly be inserted here.

"As the wife of a clergyman, and in the peculiar duties devolving on her in that station, she shone perhaps more brightly than in any other relation. She not only cherished in her own breast the peculiar doctrines of the gospel, but she also earnestly desired their universal prevalence and reception. To witness their influence in her own heart, as a rule of action, and producing their legitimate fruits, we must go with Mrs. Dimmick in her more

retired walks. We must accompany her to the dwellings of the poor, to the chamber of the sick, to the bedside of the dying, and to the house of sorrow and mourning, and witness her private charities, listen to her sympathizing consolations and counsels, witness her tears, and hear her direct them all to the Great Physician of body and soul—and then lead those of her own sex, in the fervent prayer of faith, to that Almighty Physician and Saviour. We must accompany her to the stated female prayer meeting, and witness with what fervor, earnestness and perseverance, like one of old, she wrestled with God, for spiritual blessings on his church, and on the world! and almost, like him, refused to be denied! We must go with her as she accompanied her husband to the meeting for inquiry of those awakened to a conviction of their lost condition and anxious for their immortal souls—and we must follow her from seat to seat, or attend such anxious souls to her own retired parlor, and there listen to her faithful yet affectionate enforcement of their convictions, and there hear her urge them to the cross.

"In scenes like these was the deceased best known. Here were the brightest developements of her Christian character; here her brightest evidences of her meetness for those rewards on which we confidently trust she has entered. In such scenes were manifested her peculiarly appropriate qualifications for a pastor's wife; as an efficient helper in his labors.

"Her heart harmonized with all the great movements of the day for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom in the world; to the most important of which she was accustomed to make her annual offering, to the extent of her ability."

CHAPTER VI.

Passages from her Journal, 1820—1829.

What follows, along with some devotional passages, will be a confirmation of the remarks made in the latter part of the preceding chapter. Mrs. Dimmick's tendency to review the past is still manifest, and to gather instruction and encouragement from it for future life.

At an earlier date than this, she speaks of a sermon by her pastor, Rev. Alfred Mitchell. "It was to me," she says. "It enforced the duty of making *eras* of the times of particular providences, and of observing them afterward as seasons of deep consideration and renewed dedication to the service of God." This thought went with her in her subsequent course.

"Oct. 16, 1820. I sometimes look back on the past years of my life as a troubled ocean, where I have been tossed and driven by adverse and conflicting winds; yet amidst all, I can trace many bright days, when sunshine and soft breezes have calmed the swelling waves, and gladdened my heart. I look upon its agitations, its sunshine, its calms, with a feeling of gratitude for the mercies enjoyed, and with keen regret that in all there has been so much to censure, so little to commend. May

God pardon all that has been displeasing in his sight, and if any thing, through his holy Spirit's influence, has been right, graciously accept it, and use it to glorify his own name!

"Oct. 20. O thou who hast set me in so responsible a place, purify me for thy service, and let my qualifications be equal to my need! Above all other things I would entreat a truly devoted heart, which shall not linger in duty, or be unmindful of it in its season.

"Oct. 22. (Sabbath evening.) What a work is there before me. Every day my duties are weighty—not a few of them like the following: to comfort the afflicted; to soothe the wounded spirit; to visit and converse with the sick and dying; to warn, reprove, exhort, in retired ways, and labor to win precious souls to Christ; to be always, and in all circumstances, an example to others; to show forth patience, forbearance, humility; to be all things to all men for their good. O that God would help me, and accept my humble endeavors in his service!

"Oct. 25. The active busy scenes of this world do not necessarily destroy holy feeling. It is the corrupt state of our own hearts which gives them their power over us. In respect to all lawful avocations, we should serve God in them, and then we should be safe.

"Oct. 31. My heart never appeared more prone to evil, than now. I have lost that sweet comfort which I once possessed with little interruption. O God! who hast sheltered me amidst many calamities, leave me not now to my spiritual foes. I wait for thy salvation.

"Nov. 19. (Sabbath morning.) Just going to the Lord's table. O that I might have better preparation. Will God teach me what I am, and give me supreme desires for his glory, and suitable desires for my own eternal happiness, and the happiness of my fellow men!

"Nov. 22. (Thanksgiving day.) A day which calls me to a review of my mercies—mercies innumerable! Among them may be reckoned my opportunities for serving my Redeemer. I have a work like that of angels; O for a zeal like theirs! that I may perform, like them, every errand of mercy, with a mind filled with holy love, and energy warm and heavenly!

"Nov. 23. My morning visits have been pleasant—the Lord make them a means of good. It was pleasant to give thanks with Mrs. B. who seemed enlivened; and I thought her nurse appeared affected by the conversation. Mrs. L. was also tender. O that God would bless our conversation to her spiritual benefit. I go again to my work; the Lord grant me grace, and glorify his own name.

"Nov. 29. It seems needful *for me*, that prospects should sometimes darken, that I may feel, *He doeth all things well;* for I am never so disposed to trust him, and live on his grace, as at such seasons.

"Dec. 8. The anniversary of my husband's ordination. Blessed be the Lord who hath given success to his ministry, and made him instrumental of gathering twenty-six into the church this first year of his ministerial service; though, without doubt, in good part, he hath entered into the labors of his respected predecessor.

"As for myself, I would ask renewed strength and holiness of heart, that I may show forth the praises of my Redeemer; and upon my beloved husband may all heavenly influences descend, qualifying him for every future duty.

"Wilt thou, Great Head of the church, bless this humble spot, [her husband's study,] dedicated to thee, and to preparation for thy service. Here may heavenly wisdom descend, silently and sweetly into the bosom of thy ser-

vant. Here may sacred science enlighten his understanding, and holy devotion warm his heart. From this place may he ever go to the sanctuary, to the altar, and to his various labors, with a prepared heart and all due qualification to serve thee.

"Dec. 22. Anniversary of the Landing of our Forefathers at Plymouth, and the second centennial occasion. This day should be deeply interesting to every New-Englander. A little band whose hearts God had touched with every noble sentiment, sat down in a howling wilderness, amidst December's snows. Their little colony they nourished by their labors, watered with their tears, and sanctified by their prayers. Who shall not cherish their memory? Who shall not render praise to God for what he has done by them for the world's benefit?

"December 30. Have just been reading the book of Job. What successive afflictions came upon him, after his high prosperity. How painful the message last brought him, 'the young men (thy sons) are dead.' Yet what an inimitable example of submission follows these heavy tidings. What a testimony is added: 'In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly.' With the wreck of all his prosperity around him, and his dearest comforts blasted in death, not a murmur escaped him! How ashamed should we be of our daily murmurings at Providence. Lord, enable me to bear small trials, and thus prepare me for greater ones, shouldest thou see fit to send them.

"Jan. 14, 1821. We were last week favored with a visit from Mr. Ward, for twenty years a missionary in India. He appears a warm-hearted and devoted man. Fifty dollars were collected for the benefit of his mission.

"Jan. 20. Visited yesterday in a social circle. Was desirous that I might exhibit more decision of Christian

character than is often the case. I determined to say something for Christ. And yet it was so little that I have occasion to ask forgiveness.

"I have an appointment to visit the alms-house this afternoon, with a friend, to converse with the poor inmates on religion. Such a task has been, before now, one that has yielded me profit and pleasure. It is a satisfaction I would not willingly part with, to reflect that I have been permitted to minister to their comfort, that my heart has been softened to a fellow feeling with theirs, that I have in many respects carried their griefs on my mind, and borne their interests, temporal and spiritual, to the throne of grace. Father, I thank thee, for having employed me in this humble yet grateful service. May I have assistance in my work this afternoon.

"Jan. 27. My birth-day—a continuance of blessings, and I fear of equal ingratitude. The day was made peculiarly interesting by visiting the sick, from the infant to the 'man of gray hairs.'

"Feb. 15. I mourn that I do so little for God. This sitting still, or remissness in duty, is as fatal to Christian comfort and hope, as it is to the salvation of impenitent men. I feel that for my own benefit I must be employed in some *definite exertions* for the promotion of Christ's kingdom. This, and this alone, will bring into exercise the affections, the Christian sympathies, the whole train of Christian graces which the gospel requires, and afford the desired evidence that the possessor is an heir of heaven.

"Feb. 18. (Sabbath.) Returned from the communion table. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul,' that I am not a heathen, sunk in ignorance, buried beneath the shades of moral death. For what would I be deprived of the knowledge I have of God, of Christ, of the Holy Spirit, of heaven, of hell? O that my heart might be more in con-

formity with the truths I know; and may God pity the dying, and make haste with his salvation to the ends of the earth.

"March 16. The day made particularly interesting by entertaining pious literary friends; conversation suited at once to enlarge and purify the mind.

"March 18. (Sabbath.) Seven persons have been added to our church to-day, four of whom received the ordinance of baptism. A household of children have also been devoted to God in this ordinance of his appointment. Who could be willing to dispense with an institution so impressively reminding parents of their duties to their children, and so forcibly bringing to view the provisions of God's covenant in respect to them? Let but the import of this sacred service be remembered, and carried out in practice, and one of the greatest steps would be taken towards the universal prevalence of the kingdom of Christ.

"March 21. Spent the former part of the day in special prayer, that I may have more holiness myself, and be more devoted to my great work, and also that God will pour out his Spirit on the people. In the latter part of the day, visited a neighbor who appears gently sinking to the grave—calm, elevated in her views of God, of Christ, of heaven. She seemed on the borders of that better country where an eternal end is put to sin and sorrow, and where, as she herself expressed it, 'there is such enlargement of the capacity of the soul to comprehend and to enjoy.' I felt myself instructed and melted, and was enabled with her to bless the Lord, and supplicate his further favors. Visited another house, where were feebleness and age; but the spirit manifested—alas, how different! To introduce religious conversation was difficult. If religion was hinted at, the subject was treat-

ed as something foreign and strange. The contrast was painful. Can these individuals, so different in their religious character and dispositions, be preparing for the same heaven? Can they enjoy the same objects? It seems impossible.

"March 25. I find that the company even of Christian friends may ensnare the heart, and rob us of communion with our God. How careful should we be, that nothing interfere with our seasons of retirement and devotion.

"April 1. A paragraph in the Boston Recorder recently struck me with great force. Speaking of ministers' wives, it said, 'They will not have a *common place* either in heaven or hell!' I tremble to be in a station of such responsibility. I need more grace—more grace that I may act my part aright. Especially in visiting the sick do I often feel this need: that my heart may be full of holy sympathies with them; that on my tongue there may dwell the law of kindness, while from my lips the law of truth may not depart. My thoughts should be more on the work of my life—the advancement of the kingdom of Christ.

"April 15. Visited the alms-house yesterday. Found but very few who thought seriously on the subject of religion. In the community also very few are inquiring after the great salvation. Earth, and not heaven, to all appearance, has the first thoughts and choicest affections of the great majority of men.

"May 3. I have been to the female concert this afternoon, and have spent most of the day in reflection, reading, and prayer, with the hope that I may think less of earth, and more of heaven. Eight persons are to be admitted to our church shortly.

"May 4. I thank thee for having given me so much

health the year past, and for opportunity of so extensive acquaintance with the people, and especially with the poor of the flock.

"May 13. How can I be useful as the wife of a clergyman, without extensive knowledge of spiritual things, and fervent love for them? I am in a situation where I ought daily to speak to others on the great subject of religion, and if I do not feel deeply its power in my own heart, what a lifeless attempt it will be! I would consider it my highest honor to live for God; yet I am not what I ought to be, to do him service. I want increased courage and increased ardor.

"May 25. Oh that I might have a better view of the worth of an immortal soul! How vast a prospect opens before it, as it is launching away into eternity! I had some impressive thoughts of it yesterday, when I visited Mrs. F. It was hard to tear away the hope she cherished of recovery; but it seemed a kind step to undeceive her. The Lord grant that it may prove an eternal benefit.

"June 9. I have been looking at a passage in my journal, Sept. 24, 1816. That was a moment of trial; but I felt a sort of pleasing confidence that my heavenly Father would appear for me, and place me in a situation where I could more extensively and effectually serve him. I had no definite apprehensions; but the repose I felt was solemn, sweet, and, if I know my own heart, entire. And I believe I am now placed in that situation. Can I view it otherwise than an answer to prayer? * * The work which thou hast given me to do, though arduous, is a delightful work, when thou dost grant strength and grace. Lord, enable me to serve thee with greater purity and spirituality.

"June 19. Our church meeting was a very solemn one. Every heart seemed to feel. There is danger lest

it should be only a momentary excitement. God forbid that it should be so. * * I supplicate grace to be more of an helpmeet for my husband, in his labors of love. Great Head of the church, fill my heart with thy love, that I may more perfectly serve thee.

"June 23. I have been made more sensible than ever of the mercy of God in giving me a home, by his sending dear friends for me to entertain, and whose society I am permitted thus to enjoy.

"Aug. 5. I must not forget the anniversary of my second birth. Let it serve, at this time, the purposes of humiliation, that I have made so little progress in the divine life. I am sometimes ready to 'write bitter things' against myself; still I do hope that I have begun to live anew, that my heart has been arrested by divine grace, and my spirit brought from its native enmity to rejoice in God and believe on his only and glorious Son Jesus Christ. The memory of the time is precious. How changed were my feelings; how were the holy Scriptures unsealed to my understanding; what a delightful, sacred spot was the sanctuary; how sweet the retirement and duties of the closet; how lovely every friend who bore the image of Jesus; how unsatisfactory the converse of unholy companions; how precious social worship. I felt myself brought into a new world, with new prospects before me, new objects to pursue, new interests to secure, glorious beyond what I had before conceived. O that my many sins and defects may be forgiven, and that grace may be granted even to unworthy me, enabling me to live more to God than heretofore.

"Aug. 21. I have determined to set apart Tuesday morning of each week, after attending to domestic cares early, until 11 o'clock, for special retirement, reading and prayer, that I may be better fitted for the duties of my station,

the trials of life, and the scenes of eternity. I pray God to grant his peculiar blessing on these seasons, and make them for my edification and improvement. I expect frequent interruptions, and do not know how long I shall be able to maintain the practice. I have found the season this morning a pleasant one.

"Aug. 27. Day of special humiliation and prayer in our church. The Lord draw near this day; and may we by his Spirit draw near to him. May this be a day of blessing to our souls. May we be prepared, by waiting on God to-day, for the great work in which we are engaged. As a family, may we receive a blessing. O for faith to embrace the promise, and for love, to God and his service, which shall never tire.

"Jan. 30, 1822. I have recently had fifty volumes of religious books put into my hands by a friend, for circulation in the parish, and among those generally whose means of reading are limited. I have tried to pray that the donor may be recompensed, especially in spiritual things, and that those who shall read them may be made wise unto salvation.

"April 21, (Sabbath.) Last evening we had a meeting of the baptized children with their parents. The season was solemn, and we hope good will flow from it. O Lord, revive thy work, and let the children, sustaining so interesting a relation to thy church, be the first fruits before the ingathering of a plentiful harvest. * * In my present station I find a great work for me to do. Lord, give me courage, and wisdom, and prudence, and skill to perform it.

"July 3. Some seriousness more than usual among the people. O Lord, revive thy work in *me*, and let saints and angels rejoice at the progress of Christ's kingdom in one who has lost so much by idleness and inattention.

Great searchings of heart are necessary. O to be a real Christian—such a Christian, that conscience, and my own family, and all beholders, shall see that I live consistently with the professions I have made.

"July 4. The anniversary of our national independence. At 8 o'clock A. M. we had a prayer-meeting in our church, which was well attended. It is a new thing in this community; but it is certainly not unsuitable, and tends to preserve the mind in a proper state through the scenes of the day.

"Aug. 16. I am oppressed with a sense of my unfruitfulness in the vineyard of the Lord. One of my greatest evils is, languor in all duty. O how I long to feel that sacred nearness to a throne of grace, which I have felt in former times. Yes, I think I have enjoyed that which was to me more than my necessary food. And was there ever a time when more was required of me than the present? The recent special favors of a spiritual kind to our congregation, ought to be a spur to greater exertion. Lord quicken me, and help me once more to devote myself to thee.

"Sept. 9. Though we cannot tell of great numbers gathered into the ark of safety during the little season of refreshing we have enjoyed, yet we would humbly rejoice that a few have been made to feel and acknowledge themselves sinners, and to ask how they can obtain pardon and acceptance with God? About twenty have, as we hope, made that surrender of themselves to the Saviour, which is the result of saving faith. A number more are between hope and fear, and a still larger number are yet inquiring on the subject, some with more interest, some with less. It may readily be imagined, that this is an interesting state of things to those who are 'watching for souls, as they that must give ac-

count.' Solemn thought! May we be assisted so to watch, as to obtain the approbation of our Saviour and our Judge.

"Sept. 24. I hope I have been benefitted by a recent visit from Miss H., who appears singularly devoted to her Saviour. I feel desirous to be more useful in the church than I have heretofore been. Lord, help me to live more for thee; oh guide my feeble steps in thy way. * * I have been looking too much to the opinions and practices of others. Now may I make thy word the man of my counsel, and may thy Spirit be my guide, and every pursuit and every acquirement have stamped on it, *Holiness to the Lord.*

"Sept. 27. (Evening.) I have just had an opportunity of conversing with the youngest son of —— ——. I endeavored to draw him into religious conversation, and to speak to his conscience and his heart. I felt animated and strengthened in the duty, by the consideration that his dear mother, now departed, who had so often prayed for him, would look with complacency on the feeblest effort to bring her child to the Saviour. Lord, forgive the weakness of the attempt, and add thy blessing to it; and thy blessing shall accomplish what the mere effort on my part could never do.

"Oct. 5. We certainly have evidence that the Holy Spirit has not forsaken us, in the fact that there have been three instances of hopeful conversion this week. Christians, too, are here and there awaking, and calling, with increased desire, on a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God. Lord, give thy people more definite and enlivening views of the nature and glory of thy kingdom, and let its purity and excellence be a new and all-constraining motive to new and enlarged obedience. O to be able, by our example, conversation and prayers, to

draw our dear friends, and those around us, to enlist in the service of our Lord!

"Oct. 20. (Sabbath evening.) While alone this evening I have been penning a few texts of Scripture, with the view of writing them out fairly and placing them on the mantel, particularly on the Sabbath, for our admonition to a more spiritual conversation. * * I have also been thinking how much grace I need, to enable me to act wisely during the time that my dear brother shall be with us, that I may impress his mind with a proper sense of divine things, and be instrumental, if the Lord will, of leading him to attend to the things of his peace.

"Dec. 11. How careful ought Christians to be in their daily and hourly walk. One unguarded expression, tinctured with levity or passion, may hinder our communion with God all the day.

"I have invited two or three young ladies to see me this afternoon, with the hope of doing something for their good. I feel much interested in them, and desire wisdom and skill from above, that I may rightly commend religion to their regard.

"Dec. 15. (Sabbath.) 'Thou hast made me glad through the light of thy countenance.' There is a blessing in religion; may I experience more of it; and particularly may I have communion with my Saviour at his table this day. I desire clearer discoveries of the plan of redemption. Do the angels, those mighty spirits that excel in strength, desire to look into its mysteries and glories, and shall not the children of men thirst after a knowledge which so much more nearly concerns them?

"Jan. 1, 1823. With the opening of this new year, I find abundant cause to cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' I look back on the past year, and see but little accomplished for Christ, either in my own advancement

in the divine life, or in efforts to further his kingdom. I may well lie low in self-abasement, while I acknowledge still that his hand hath been with us doing something for us, and his Spirit hath not left us.

"I do humbly and earnestly desire that my husband and myself, may be accepted of thee, divine Saviour, at the very beginning of this year, for the performance of thy work in a higher degree than before; that we may have more love to thee; more knowledge of the things of thy kingdom, and the best methods of promoting thy glory; more zeal for the performance of the service we owe thee; more enlarged benevolence; more extensive influence; and more health and strength of body and mind to do thy will.

"Feb. 17. Yesterday our church was blessed with a larger addition to its members than it has ever before had, at one time, since its establishment. I trust it was a profitable season to many. What shall we render unto the Lord for all his benefits? There are yet numbers anxious, though every thing proceeds very quietly; several are trusting in Christ.

"March 16. (Sabbath.) At home all day with a bad cold; and shall also be kept from the inquiry meeting this evening, which is to me a place of deep interest. But it is all well. . . . . I want that spiritual appetite, which shall make me every day hunger and thirst after truth and holiness. I think I can say of my soul,

> "She was all made of heavenly fires,
> Nor can she live on meaner food.

"Aug. 1. A Bible Class was this day formed of the young people of the parish under very auspicious circumstances. More than one hundred have joined it. May

God own the enterprise, and make it subservient to his glory, and the eternal well-being of the dear young friends connected with it.

"April, 1823. [A Letter.] You mention hearing of the progress of Christ's kingdom among us. It has been indeed delightful, that the Lord has continued his gracious presence with us amidst our ingratitude and unworthiness; but he is not accustomed to deal with his people according to their demerits. How wonderful his mercy! Ever since the attention commenced here, it has been making a silent and very gradual progress, quickening the people of God, and convincing the wanderer and leading him back to Christ; so that, though our numbers are not so great as in many places, nor so great as we would desire, yet we think the state of religion is greatly improved among us; and we hope that the truth is gaining a secret access to many minds which have long resisted its saving influence, and are not yet willing to confess themselves brought under its power. This state of things calls loudly for Christian diligence, and much importunate prayer.

"You mention the conversion of one in your house. Surely, the Lord puts honor on *that house* where he deigns to exert his saving influence. Shall I tell you that we hope he has visited us in similar mercy? We hope, and think we have considerable reason for hope, that a lad living with us, (who, I believe, was with us when you were here,) has been made the subject of renewing grace. He is not yet twelve years old, but gives such kind of evidence as we should suppose one of this age would give.

"Jan. 8, 1824. This day forcibly recalls the same date, six years ago. And I have been endeavoring to spend the season in humble grateful recollection, in devout thankfulness, and in special prayer. I well remem-

ber the feelings which dictated the setting apart of that day, and the manner in which it was passed. I think I was enabled to leave myself, and my brother and sisters, wholly with the Lord; for it was with a view to this that I set apart the day. Our temporal affairs pressed upon me; we were orphans, and scattered; and our brother rising into manhood, with no paternal hand to guide him, or paternal lips to counsel him. I trust I was heard in my supplication. From that time to the present, I have been able, in a great measure, to stay myself on God in regard to our interests both temporal and spiritual; and in looking through the period of six years, I am filled with wonder and gladness at all the mercy and all the care of a covenant-keeping God. I set apart this day to recall this past goodness, and render praise, and also to renew my petitions for further exhibitions of his loving-kindness, and especially in spiritual things.

"Feb. 1. I have another call for special gratitude to-day, as another anniversary returns on which the goodness of the Lord ought to be particularly remembered. This day commemorates the season in which we left our mother's house, a few weeks after she had taken her departure into the world of spirits. I cannot forget the evening previous to that day. We were a lonely band, seated, in the evening twilight, around the fire-side, whence we were shortly to take our departure, and to separate. 'The world was all before us, where to choose our place of rest, and *Providence* our guide.' Our reflections were sober; we felt that we were about embarking on an ocean of uncertainty and trial, with disappointments to meet, and with little in prospect which could cheer us. Being myself younger than my sisters, having just completed my fifteenth year, bright visions of hope would occasionally cross my mind, but were almost as

soon dissipated by the thoughtful seriousness of those who I knew must have more correct opinions of the world we were to meet, than I could have, who had always been so much secluded from its frowns and its smiles. But since that evening, and the succeeding day, FIFTEEN years have passed rapidly away. We have, indeed, encountered many a storm; and we have enjoyed, too, many a sunshine, 'blissful, bright, never to be forgotten.' We have lived day after day, month after month, and year after year, upon the bounties of an unfailing Providence. We have wanted no necessary thing, and we have learned to repress desires after such things as were unattainable; and, after many tokens of special care and of wonder-working goodness, we continue, as at this day, with blessings all around us. How shall we adequately praise Him who hath brought us thus far? What shall we render to our God?

"May 16. (Sabbath.) We are this morning to come to the table of our crucified Saviour, and have the pleasing prospect of seeing eight persons added to our communion. Praised be the mercy of the Lord, that he still condescends to bless our humble endeavors in his service. May these persons add to the strength, as well as to the numbers of the church.

"Aug. 22. (Sabbath.) How pleasant it is to enjoy the refined and pious conversation of Christian ministers, and how highly am I favored with this privilege. Blessed be the Lord for a station in the church, which brings me to an acquaintance with so many manifesting the spirit of Christ and rich in intellectual stores. My heart is often ready to exclaim, 'Why was I made a Christian, and then, as if this was not enough, placed here amidst all this rich variety of means for growth in grace and usefulness in the vineyard?' O that this heart might

be melted into gratitude, love, and the spirit of obedience. * * I cannot feel it a burden that we are so frequently called to entertain Christian friends. I fear that some lose much by an unwillingness to execute the offices of hospitality.

"Aug. 23, [to her husband absent.] I believe all the sick, concerning whom you make inquiry, are on the recovery. I visited them all on Thursday, and intend to see them again in a day or two.

"Oct. 31. We have, through the kindness of our God, come to dwell in a new habitation, which he has given us the hope of ultimately calling our own. After much fatigue, we are quietly settled. We removed on Tuesday the 23d inst., and on the evening of the 24th, our dear friends assembled with us, and we solemnly dedicated the house to our God and Saviour, imploring his continual presence and blessing in every apartment, in every closet, and praying that on every part might be inscribed '*Holiness to the Lord.*' The season was sweet, and of deep interest. When our friends had retired, we renewed the dedication of ourselves to our Saviour, for his service and glory.

"Jan. 27, 1825. My birth-day. In reflecting on the past, I am surprised that I have done so little for God. May he pardon me, and grant that the year which begins anew to me this day may, with its blessings, find me more humble, more faithful, more devoted to God and his church.

"May 4. (Evening.) * * Latter part of the evening rendered delightful and solemn by a prayer-meeting of the younger members of the church.

"May 22. All nature is full of God. The spring that smiles around us—how delightful! it is the fruit of infinite love.

"Jan. 8, 1826. Again the anniversary of a day which I think I shall never cease to remember. My anniversaries of interesting occasions are frequent and precious, and often instrumental of quickening me in duty and the divine life. The answers which I think I have had to prayer, presented on such occasions, are my encouragement to persevere in asking what I need. Certainly I have been heard in the voice of my supplication. The Lord hath answered me, not for myself alone, but for my family, and we are now receiving the benefit.

"May 28. [After the death of her infant child.] When I last penned a few words on these pages, it was done with a trembling spirit, supported only by clinging to an arm divine. That arm divine sustained me through the perils that arrayed themselves before me. But the gift bestowed, has been removed. 'Righteous art thou, O Lord:'

'Too wise to err, too good to be unkind.'

I hope I am satisfied with the arrangement; though I mourn, and am sometimes in bitterness because of it. But I have nothing to say. He hath done all things well. Could he have done better? If he could, he hath not revealed it to me. Could I have been taught the salutary lessons which this dispensation has taught me, in any other way? If so, I know it not. Indeed, I trace peculiar adaptedness in the means, to the end accomplished. I shall feel, I trust, a deeper interest both in parents and children, and be more sympathizing in the sorrows of others, for the manner in which God has now dealt with me.

"We hoped that this dear gift was to be a comfort to us here, a blessing to Christ's church on earth, an instru-

ment of promoting God's glory when our poor labors should cease. For this it was in our hearts carefully to cherish and train it. But the unerring wisdom of God, while it permitted all these fond hopes and right intentions to be in our hearts, animating us to all the conflicts necessary to be previously sustained, looked farther than our narrow vision extended, and saw another plan, inscrutable to us, but to his all-seeing eye so much better, so much more for his glory, for the good of the universe, for our happiness, and for that of the dear little being over whom our hearts still yearn, that he gave the wound while he pitied the sorrows which it produced.

"March 26, 1827. Mr. —— has been in and given me just the opportunity I have long desired for religious conversation with him. I rejoice to find him serious and somewhat anxious. His case is an evidence that the Lord is working in this place, though it be in a silent way. . . Let me make this one a particular subject of prayer, that he may be brought into the kingdom, and be eminently useful in the service of Christ."

For about five weeks from this time Mrs. Dimmick's journal contains a very brief notice of her occupation each day. Expressions like the following frequently occur. "Had a pleasant visit from neighbors. It ought to have been more spiritual and profitable." "Visited Mrs. F., recently brought to the knowledge of the truth. We united in prayer, rendering praise to her great Deliverer." "Had serious conversation with Mrs. B." "Promised to meet N. H., for a particular object, at the throne of grace, at 6 o'clock." "Had conversation with Mrs. W. on the subject of her making a public profession of religion. Made other calls for similar purposes." "Made visits among poor neighbors." "Called on some aged

sick, who appear anxious about their spiritual concerns. They entreated my prayers. Lord, help me to pray for them, and wilt thou hear!"

These expressions show the bent of her thoughts, the subjects in which she felt the deepest interest, the kind of life she lived, redeeming time from secular avocations for the higher purposes of doing spiritual good. This is nearly the end of her regular journal. A very few passages only will be added.

"July 9. We had a delightful day on the fourth. There was no political celebration; but the religious services in the morning were highly interesting. Several clergymen took part in them; and fifty dollars were collected for the Colonization Society.

"July 16. I know of nothing half so delightful as to be engaged in the work of the Lord, and through his grace to meet with success in our labors.

"June 29, 1828. (Sabbath.) Eight years ago this day I came to reside in this place, as the companion of a minister of the gospel. I am grieved that I have done no more for Christ during these eight years. How poorly have I improved the talents put into my hands. 'If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?' I am shut up to the petition, 'Enter not into judgment with thy servant.' I have but one source of consolation, or of hope. 'There is forgiveness with thee.'

"I accompanied my husband to Falmouth the past week, at the sitting of the General Association of the State. The occasion was one of lively interest. There seemed to be great union among the ministers of Christ present.—A number of the wives of the clergymen were there; and on Thursday morning they had a prayer-meet-

ing together with the female part of the church. I believe it was something rather new, but I am sure it was also something which was useful and delightful. Nothing endears us so much to each other as meeting together in the character of Christ's disciples, speaking together of the interests of his kingdom, and uniting together in the holy breathings of devout prayer.

"I have been led to inquire too, and particularly in view of my own deficiencies, whether something could not be done, and ought not to be done, for the particular benefit of the wives of clergymen, and those who are expecting to become such. Something, it appears to me, might be done to good purpose. And surely those who occupy such stations, or are to occupy them, need all the aid with which they can be furnished.

"Jan. 2, 1829. A new year. Yesterday morning when I awoke, I resolved to be more devoted to God this year than ever. Will God help me to keep this resolve: to be

——— 'Watchful every hour,
And pray, but never faint.'

"May I be instrumental this year in the salvation of some souls, at the same time that I take care of my own. There is something very sweet to me in 'alluring to brighter worlds,'—in saying to the wanderers 'return and be blessed,' in pointing the restless unsatisfied mind to the pure fountains of truth and happiness, in one word, in saying to the sinner, 'Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world!'

"I find that with revolving years my mind, my heart, my soul, rests with more and more confidence and joy on the way of salvation revealed in the gospel. Jesus Christ, 'the way, and the truth, and the life,' appears to me the

only safe ground of trust. That so many rob him of his glory, weaken the influence of his gospel, and thus cheat themselves out of happiness and heaven, does most deeply affect me. What kind of a heaven are they looking for, who reject the essential truths and provisions of the gospel? If there is a class of my fellow sinners who appear to me to be in peculiar danger, it is those who have embraced, in systematic form, *that* for *truth*, which the Bible condemns as error, and which chills the soul, and diverts it from spiritual objects. In view of such cases, I would bind the gospel more closely to my heart, while I pray that God will send deliverance to those who are ensnared and taken, before it shall be forever too late!"

CHAPTER VII.

Her Love to her Kindred — Reference to her Letters to her Brother — Her Sister's sickness and death.

Among the beautiful things of earth are the social affections. Amidst the trials and dark scenes often witnessed, what beholder is not struck with the family group, in which are beheld

> 'Relations dear, and all the charities
> Of father, son, and brother?'

It is as an oasis in a desert. This excellence shone in Mrs. Dimmick. Love to her family and kindred was one of the striking traits in her character. This is manifest from the remarks already brought to view: particularly from the notice of her mother; her graphic account of the breaking up and dispersion of the household; her frequent and earnest prayers for the surviving members; as well as from numerous other expressions. "How much I love you," said she in a letter to a friend, "for taking such an interest in my sisters and brother. We are a feeble few, and cling closely to each other." To another friend, at a later date, she says, "How peculiar and how strong is the sisterly tie." And to another, "O the tenderness of those ties which bind us to parents, brothers and

sisters!" And so through all her communications. "I want earnestness in prayer for my dear brother and sisters." "May the prayers long since breathed to heaven by parental lips, be answered on the heads of us who survive, and we be prepared to meet and dwell with those members now safe in heaven."

Her regard for her kindred, as may be seen from these expressions, and many others already brought to view, and as might also be presumed from her general character, was not a mere concern for their temporal welfare. Though this was not disregarded by her, or undervalued, and was often the subject of her thoughts and desires and endeavors, yet she looked deeper and farther than this. She remembered the soul and the interests of eternity, and felt that there was no ground for rest while these were not safe. And it is believed that in her duty to all the members of her family, she was uncommonly faithful.

A series of letters to her brother—an only brother, and younger than herself—might be adduced as confirmation of this remark. Perhaps an instance is not to be found, in which sisterly affection and Christian fidelity are more strikingly exhibited, than in this correspondence; in which the spiritual welfare of a friend has been sought and pursued more wisely, tenderly, and with greater perseverance. A regard to the living, alone prevents copious extracts from this correspondence.

A similar developement of feeling was made in respect to her sisters, though perhaps less striking. The elder of the two sisters, as has been mentioned, came to reside with her soon after her marriage,—in September, 1820. She was entertaining a hope in Christ when she came; and, in November following, united with the church. With her she took sweet counsel, and they sym-

pathized together in desires for the spiritual benefit of the other members of the family.

In the summer of 1822, her other sister, Susan, made her a visit. There was more than usual seriousness in the place at the time. In prospect of this visit, the first thought and leading desire of Mrs. Dimmick's heart was breathed out in the following petition: "June 19. Lord, I prefer the petition that my dear sister's coming here at this time may be for thy glory in her conversion to thee. Help me to wait upon thee, that thou, in infinite condescension, wilt bring her into thy kingdom." Sept. 9, 1822, in a letter to a friend, she says, "I have been much favored in having my sister Susan make me a visit of three months. Her attention has been somewhat awakened to the subject of religion during her visit. O that it might be the favored period of securing her best interests for eternity!" A little later, in her journal, is the following passage: "Sept. 26. I greatly fear this excursion [to a neighboring town] has lessened, if not obliterated, my sister's serious feelings. How can I bear to have this precious season pass away, and her soul not gathered into the ark of safety." "Sept. 29. Again I cast on thee those in this house who are yet out of the ark of safety. Especially do I bring to thee my dear sister. O speak the cheering word of forgiveness and peace to her soul." "Oct. 5. O thou, who canst do all things, again do I look up to thee for the conversion of my dear sister. When wilt thou lead her to Christ, and show her sins forgiven?" "Oct. 13. (Sabbath evening.) Conversed with my sister on the state of her mind. She appears to have undergone some change in her views. She hardly dares hope it to be saving; but I am inclined to believe that it will, in the end, prove to be so. She certainly gives some evidence, in her desire to do something for

Christ henceforth, and in her apparent unfeigned sorrow for sin. I have been enabled, more particularly, to commend her to the Saviour, and to supplicate that he will manifest himself in his peculiar mercy to her, and give her a full evidence that she is 'born again.'"

About a year and a half from this time, or in the summer of 1824, this sister came to reside permanently with her. She came with an incipient disease, which proved to be a severe and incorrigible dropsy; and which, after much suffering for nearly three years, terminated in her death. Mrs. Dimmick did not feel it a burden to have this sister with her in her sickness; on the contrary, her sympathies were alive to her sufferings, and whatever could afford her relief, or promote her comfort, was most cheerfully done. Soon after her arrival, she says, "How thankful ought I to be, that in this trying time, I am enabled to have her with me, and can provide for many of her wants."

The religious impressions made on this sister's mind at the former visit had not been effaced, but terminated in a hope of reconciliation to God. The same care and assiduity were continued in regard to her spiritual interests. In December, 1825, with much trembling, as well as bodily weakness, she was received to the communion of the church. Her death, which occurred a little more than a year afterwards, was triumphant.

It may be proper to insert here, some account of this death, from Mrs. Dimmick's own pen.

"After a lingering disease of three full years, our beloved sister has left this world, and entered another state of existence. In few instances do we witness a more unblamable life, or a more peaceful death. 'The memory of the just is blessed.' From the commencement of that fatal dis-

ease which terminated her life, to the closing hour, she invariably submitted without a murmur to the dispensation, as from the hand of Him, who is infinitely wise and infinitely good. She more than submitted; she was even cheerful, feeling as she often expressed herself, that she had from infancy been blessed with an unusual share of health, and that this consideration, in addition to others, should prevent her complaining under the present affliction. This steady composure, amid a constantly darkening prospect, arising from the unvarying progress of disease, without hope of permanent relief, is what perhaps very few attain, at least in the degree in which it was manifest in her.

"About a week previous to her departure she was sensible of a change in her case. Her judgment, always unusually discriminating, decided on the hopelessness of her continuance much longer in the world; and, not wishing to practice the least deception with herself, she looked at once to the end. Her faith sustained her. She verified the words of her favorite hymn, which she had often been heard singing to herself at the close of the day when all nature was still and favored meditation on the future:

'My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on Thee.'

"From this time, the hope of life, or even desire of it, was manifestly exchanged for the hope of heaven; and unseen realities seemed every moment crowding in brighter succession on the vision of faith. 'O,' said she, 'what comfort have I taken in particular passages of Scripture, and what delight in hymns and psalms. Yet I think I have been too fearful of applying the promises of

God's word to myself. It appears to me now, that I might have done it more.' Her mind was clear and equable throughout these trying hours, and seemed to gather fresh vigor as she approached the confines of her earthly being, and the higher realities of another existence. 'Well,' said she, 'do bless God for me; for I cannot praise him enough.' She often wished us to sing amidst her sufferings. The hymns beginning as follows were favorites: 'Come, we that love the Lord;' 'Come, let us join our cheerful songs;' 'I love my Shepherd's voice;' 'Awake, sweet harp of Judah, wake!' with several others. She desired the Bible to be read to her, and particularly the promise in Isaiah, xliii. 2, 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee;' and also the twenty-third Psalm, 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' &c., which she prefaced with a short but fervent prayer. 'Now,' said she, 'I am ready to have the seventeenth Psalm sung; when you proposed it the other evening, I was not quite ready; begin at the third verse, 'What sinners value I resign,' &c. She sung with us with so much strength, that we concluded that she could not be so near her end as she thought herself to be. She appeared lost in a holy elevation of soul, and after she ceased to sing, continued her hands in motion, keeping time with the music which the others carried through to the end of the psalm. There was in her manner an air of triumph, as of one who had already gained the victory. A little before public worship, (Sabbath morning,) she desired that a note might be prepared, requesting the prayers of the church, that she might be enabled to bear her sufferings, and have the presence of Christ through the valley

of the shadow of death. This she dictated herself. When Mr. Dimmick came to her to say that he was going to church, but hoped to see her again at noon, she replied, 'Perhaps you may, but I cannot say that I *ardently* hope it.' To the remark, 'If you should depart, you hope to be in a better world,' she answered, 'If I am assured of any thing, it is of that. After what God has showed me, can I doubt? O no, I cannot.' After this she related to me minutely, from the beginning, her Christian experience, which was very satisfactory.—Through Sabbath night, her spirit was unusually sweet, and her countenance brightened with increasing lustre, as she drew nearer the 'promised possession.' Her remarks were full of affection and piety, and those who were with her, could say, truly, 'It is good to be here.' At one time, being raised in bed to rest a moment, after having slept several minutes longer than usual, she looked around the room and said, 'I am in this world yet, am I not?' I said to her, 'Did you think, sister, that you had gone to heaven?' She replied, 'I seemed to think for a moment that I had got there: but then I thought I had not seen the ravishing glories. I suppose, having slept so little of late, and now so soundly, I have been dreaming.' She then, with a sweet expression, extended her arms, and exclaimed, '*Am I going to Heaven?*' The thought was rapturous. —On Monday morning she wished to have the shutters opened and the lights extinguished early, that she might see once more the pleasant light of an earthly day; and, on the gratification of her wishes, the placid expression of her countenance, as she looked forth on the morning, indicated the settled peace of her soul. No sigh agitated her bosom, because the world was receding. No dark boding cloud intercepted the visions of her faith. She seemed in the condition of a traveller, who had passed

through a long course of tempest and storm, intermingled indeed with zephyr and sunshine, and having nearly completed his pilgrimage, was taking a last quiet survey of the scenery which lay around him, in the final stage of a journey which was to terminate in introducing him to all the honors of a kingdom. To her physician she said, 'Doctor, *there is* a divine reality in it, (alluding to Christianity.) O, for such a poor, weak, blind creature, to feel what I have felt for two or three days past, proves that there is a *glorious reality in it.* She took leave of those around her, with a word appropriate to each; and from this time till she crossed the waters of Jordan, said but a little. She requested to have every thing throughout the house as still as possible. She frequently said, 'peace, peace, let all be peace.' In this pleasant, patient, elevated spirit, she continued until half past 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when a visible change took place. She signified to us that the hour of release had come, and gently breathed her last at 5 o'clock, Monday, Feb. 26, 1827.

"Dear departed saint! So unblamable in life, so patient and cheerful under the long continued and heavy burden of disease, so triumphant in death! We rejoice for thee, that thou hast forever escaped from the ills of this mortal state, its fleeting pleasures, and its many pains. All that was enduring thou hast carried with thee; all that was high, all that was holy. Thou hast left nothing behind, but what would have been a burden. Thou hast left *sin*—that would have shut thee from heaven. Thou hast left *suffering*—that would have interrupted thy songs of praise, marred thy bliss, and hindered thy activity in the heavenly service. Thou hast left thy *friends*—but they will join thee when they are prepared for the same glory. Thou hast left a *re-*

mote province of thy Saviour's kingdom, where, alas! there is much imperfection and sin even in his most loyal subjects; and where there are ten thousand rebels, who cannot be persuaded to submit and own him as their rightful sovereign. But thou art now exalted to a residence in the royal city—the New Jerusalem—where neither disloyalty nor imperfection exists. In one word, thou art in heaven and near thy God. We mourn not for thee. We rejoice and give thanks to Him, who has resumed his own, and, we doubt not, confirmed thee as his forever.

"But we may be permitted to mourn our loss. Pleasant hast thou been to us in life: we will not forget thee; we will not cease to remember thee, as one of the choicest gifts of our heavenly Father. We will remember thy *counsels;* we will remember thy *example;* we will remember thy *life;* we will remember thy *death;* and oh, may we remember, and perfectly love, and devoutly serve that *Saviour,* who formed thee, redeemed thee, renewed thee, and saved thee with an everlasting salvation; so that, when time with us shall be no longer, we may meet thee in his kingdom, and enter into his eternal joy, with thee and all the myriads of the holy, to praise his name and his grace forever."

CHAPTER VIII.

A Journey in the spring and summer of 1829 — Extracts from Letters to her Husband during his absence in 1830.

In the spring and early part of the summer of 1829, Mrs. Dimmick accompanied her husband on a journey to her native place, Norwich, Connecticut; to New-York; thence through New-Jersey to Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania; to which last place her eldest sister had removed, on her marriage, many years before, and where she soon after died; thence through western New-York to Erie, Pennsylvania; and thence home by Niagara Falls and Saratoga Springs, through Vermont and New-Hampshire, occupying in all, about two months.

Her letters to her sister, during that journey, contain a few passages which may be here inserted.

"Norwich, Conn., May 25, 1829. Owing to my numerous engagements since I have been with our Norwich friends, I have not had what I can well call a leisure moment for writing. I need not assure you how kindly and politely we have been treated by all our friends here. Norwich has greatly improved in its appearance, and its

natural scenery never more completely charmed me.* Our visit has been very pleasant, and is marred only by the thought that we have, while here, done so little for our Saviour. . . . . Do not think that amidst these scenes you and your dear husband and children, our beloved church and people, and he who now ministers to you, are forgotten. You have a continual place in our hearts. It was something like a disappointment to us, that you could not tell us of some instances of awakening among the people. We cannot but expect as well as hope it. Mention us with sentiments of affection to all who inquire after us. We long after you all with desire for your spiritual good."

"New-York city, June 1. Our ride hither has been very pleasant. Nature is in her loveliest attire. She smiles and diffuses around her richest fragrance. . . . . I walked out to visit a garden this morning before nine o'clock. . . . . This is, indeed, a great city—a moving mass of human beings, enough to excite the sympathy of every Christian bosom. The Lord have mercy on this vast collection of immortal souls! At 12 o'clock, visited Peale's Museum, and spent an hour in looking at its various objects of interest. We went then to the Bible Society's House, and walked between piles of Bibles higher than we could reach. I felt an awe pervade my spirit. The place seemed holy, and I could not but render praise to God for thus multiplying the copies of his

* "The scenery of the town is remarkably picturesque; it is emphatically a place of hills and springs of water. Copse, dingle and glen are scattered about in lavish abundance and wild variety. These and other circumstances, have thrown a more than common degree of splendor upon the place, and rendered it more conspicuous than many others of greater numerical importance."—*History of Norwich, by Miss F. M. Caulkins.*

word. We visited the room where thirty to forty girls are stitching the sacred volume; who appeared very cheerful and happy, and soon after our entrance commenced singing, most sweetly, the hymn—

'Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing.'

They sung it quite through, their work continuing at the same time. You will recollect that not long since there was a revival of religion among the girls of this department, which resulted in the conversion of a large proportion of them. . . . . I have not been able as yet to visit the Tract House; but have been to see some other places of interest, of which I cannot now write particularly."

"Washington Village, N. J., June 5. We crossed the North River at Hoboken Ferry at 10 o'clock Thursday morning, and passed through Newark, and some other places, to Morristown, where we spent the night. Soon after stopping, we saw a gathering at the place of worship—the chapel. After tea we repaired thither, though it was so crowded that we found it difficult to obtain a seat. It was apparent that an unusual religious impression was upon the minds of the community. The services were deeply interesting—prayers fervent. We learned that upwards of eighty were to be added to the church the next Sabbath. The temptation was strong to tarry and witness the impressive scene, which we were warmly invited to do, and Mr. D. to assist in the preaching; but duty seemed to require the prosecution of our journey.

"To-day (Friday) we have had the most delightful

day's ride of any since we left home. The weather has been fine. The scenery through which we have passed is most enchanting. The eye, the ear, the sense of smell, have all been amply regaled with the objects adapted to afford them delight. We have ascended and descended the Schooly mountain. We dined on its summit, in one of the delightful spots of earth, where we would willingly have lingered. At this place there is a mineral spring which is of considerable celebrity, and makes this one of the watering places of the State. There is a number of fine boarding-houses, for those who wish to resort thither, and bath-houses attached to each. That at which we stopped was most delightfully situated, surrounded by extensive yards filled with large trees. The house was handsomely furnished, and in one of the yards were accommodations for swinging, a kind of *gymnastic* of which I am remarkably fond. I took the benefit of them after dinner. We tarried only till 5 o'clock, and then descended on the opposite side, and followed the river Musconethong at its western base through a rich valley of several miles. The fields were fresh and green; the white clover was in blossom; the fruit and forest trees were adorned with their new foliage; and the valley seemed almost like Eden. I suppose, however, that, in fact, Eden is not there. Its *innocence*, which was the main thing in the primitive enclosure, has fled from earth.

"Notwithstanding the pleasantness of our journey, and all the agreeable things we enjoy, we do most fondly look back to our beloved *home*, and often sigh for a return. Often have we said to each other, if inclination alone were to be consulted, how gladly should we set our faces homeward, and assume again our responsible duties. O for health, and every necessary qualification to serve the Lord!"

"Nazareth, Penn., Monday morning, June 8. We reached this place safely Saturday evening. Our ride, the earlier part of the day especially, was through a pleasant country. The wildness and beauty of the scenery, in some parts, charmed me. I have seen a number of wild spots, but never saw any thing that quite equalled the throwings together of nature as you come in sight of the Delaware river, with Philipsburgh on the New-Jersey side, and Easton on the Pennsylvania side. I wish I could so describe it, that you could conceive the romantic character of the landscape, viewed from an eminence which overlooks the whole.

"Nazareth is a Moravian settlement. It is a considerable village, built mostly of stone and brick, and contains a celebrated Moravian academy. The German language is chiefly spoken by the inhabitants, though they speak tolerably good English, when occasion calls for it. They are proverbially kind and affectionate in their manners. Yesterday we attended church with them in the morning, it being their only public service for the day. It was Whitsuntide, or the feast of the Pentecost, with them. The whole service was conducted in German. The singing was accompanied with instrumental music—a large number of instruments; an organ, a bass-viol, a counter bass-viol, and a tenor-viol, two violins, and two French horns. They make much of music in their worship; though we understood that there were some additions to their ordinary music yesterday, on account of its being one of their festivals. The preacher appeared much interested and engaged in his subject, which was from Joel ii. 28 and onward, relating to the descent of the Spirit, and appropriate to the occasion. He is much esteemed here for his excellencies, and the people are mourning his contemplated departure from them to the

city of New-York. He gives his farewell sermon this morning in English.

"The church will accommodate about four hundred. The seats are all on the floor, there being no gallery. They all front the speaker. The women are seated on one side, and the men on the other. The children occupy the front seats. The adults and young married people sit back of them, and still further back the aged of the assembly. Scarcely a bonnet is seen in church. The females wear caps close on their heads; and it is quite a singular appearance, to see them going and returning from church, old, young, and middle-aged, in their caps only. Even the little girls are arrayed in this manner. Twenty or thirty of them entered the church together, with their caps, made like those of their mothers and grand-mothers, except that some of the most aged may have had something a little peculiar.

"We visited also the grave-yard, which is singularly neat. The graves of females occupy one side, and of males the other, while a broad alley runs through the whole yard. The graves are in straight rows, each one turfed over, and a stone laid horizontally on it, containing nothing but the name and age of the person sleeping beneath. Many of the graves have bunches of the herb thyme growing on them, and some are covered with roses and other flowers. The whole is chaste and impressive.

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"We have returned from the morning service. Mr. Van Vleck gave his farewell discourse. It has been deeply impressive by its eloquence and purity. At a short visit to his house also, we found him, in private conversation, a very interesting man. I have rarely, in so short a time, witnessed so much of the simplicity and loveliness of the Christian character."

"Wilkesbarre, Penn., June 11. About the middle of the forenoon on Monday we bade Nazareth adieu, and pursued our way to the *Wind Gap* in the Blue Ridge. The Wind Gap is an opening or break in the mountains, through which the traveller passes without ascending and descending their steep and rugged sides. A few miles from this we made our stop for the middle of the day at a small tavern in a very lovely spot. The people were High Dutch, and conversed altogether in their own language, except with those who do not understand it. I was much interested in an old lady who sat in the door picking wool. She must have been full eighty, though quite firm and healthy in her appearance. She wore a neat cap, made in the old style, but had on neither shoes nor stockings. I sat down in the entry to hear her and one of her neighbors converse together. She spoke to me in her native language, but perceiving I did not understand her, she said in English, 'You not know Dutch.' On my telling her I did not, she said, very emphatically, '*why you not learn it?*' as if my ignorance was truly unpardonable. I told her I could talk English *fast enough*, and that the people where I lived did not speak Dutch. She seemed surprised, and made some inquiries about the place of my residence.

"About ten miles from this place, we began to ascend the Pokono mountains, which our dear sister T. crossed, twenty-three years ago, in coming to Wilkesbarre. There is little to interest on the broad back of this mountain—more than twenty miles across—except the numerous eminences, which, as often as attained, give opportunity of looking around on other and far distant elevations, and, all together, reminding one of the vastness of the Creator's works. There are two or three meagre villages scattered along the way, and now and then a log-house.

In general the trees are rather of a stinted growth, and often there is little seen around but shrubs of various descriptions. The immediate ascent and descent, however, are deeply wooded. The descent westward, which leads directly to the village of W., presents a grand and picturesque view of the valley of Wyoming, of which poets have sung, and which is, indeed, most charming. The towering Pokono hanging above us and at our sides as we descend, the gradual slope which opens to us the long-stretching valley for many miles, the Susquehannah river winding its course through this valley, between its verdant banks, with several islands embosomed in its waters, the villages up and down, and the cultivated fields and orchards, with the distant mountains which lie on the opposite side, as if designed for a western barrier, shielding from invasion, form no common assemblage of the beautiful and the grand. The sun shone brightly on the whole scene, as we viewed it, and I could not but exclaim, 'My Father made it all!' and praise him for giving such elements of interest to his works.

* * * * * *

"And this is the spot where our dear sister T. passed the few last months of her earthly pilgrimage, and where she took her flight to the eternal world. The house where she lived has been pointed out to me. I have passed it with a melancholy interest. I have visited the narrow abode where she sleeps, with her husband beside her. You will not doubt that, with my peculiar temperament, I have something to suffer, as well as to enjoy, while here. I cannot tell you how many there are who remember and converse about her with lively interest. I am, indeed, even surprised, at the deep interest which years have not been able to obliterate from the hearts of those who intimately knew her. Why was she so soon

taken? But God has done it, and I charge my heart to be still. May his blessing rest on the dear orphan child she left. For him I often feel solicitude. A God of mercy and a hearer of prayer will, I hope, be his God."

"Montrose, Penn., June 13. We left Wilkesbarre yesterday, with gratitude for many attentions received there for our dear sister's sake, while my own eyes were suffused with tears at the thousand tender recollections which came swarming over my mind. . . . . For the first fifteen miles, on the banks of the Susquehannah, we had a fine road, and delightful scenery. Since then, our way has been ascending and descending, till we have reached this (what may be called) 'village in the mountains.' It is a pleasant village, and here we pass to-morrow, the Sabbath."

"Owego, N. Y., June 16. We reached this pleasant village last evening, after a very tedious ride. It is on the banks of the Susquehannah, which river we have now crossed three times. It is twenty-nine miles distant from Montrose, and the road is one of the most hilly imaginable. It is a common remark with the teamsters who travel it, that there is not a place through the whole distance where a carriage will stand still! I have walked up many an ascent, and should have been glad to do so in respect to them all, for the relief of our horse, but have really become lame in walking. A journey, like the journey of life, must have its inconveniences, as well as its pleasures."

"Sweden, N. Y., June 22. Leaving Owego, we passed a day at Ithica with friends very pleasantly; and thence, through Geneva, Canandaigua, and other pleasant

villages, came to this place. Mr. Dimmick's father and mother and a sister, have all departed to the other world within a year past—the last mentioned only about four weeks previous to our arrival. These are sad changes, and have clothed every thing here with gloom. May we be profited by such dispensations!"

"Lockport, June 27. Our passage hither in the canal boat yesterday was very agreeable. Though the mode of conveyance is not rapid, yet the constantly shifting scene prevents it from being tedious; and there is almost as much change within, as without—at nearly every station some leaving and others coming on board to supply their place. With two or three female passengers I had a good deal of conversation. One was a young lady from Pennsylvania, who was returning to her home at the West with her father. She had been in P. at school; was gay and full of spirits. There was considerable native simplicity about her and an openness which interested me. One of the ladies, (both of whom were acquainted with her,) asked her of the novel she had been reading. She professed herself deeply interested in novels; and hoping that some remarks might be made that would be useful to her in future, I endeavored to sustain the conversation, and soon found that the ladies had both left me to the task of convincing their young friend of the deleterious influence of novels, when perused with the avidity with which she unhesitatingly declared that she read them. She acknowledged the justice of several considerations advanced, and smiled often as if she had been conscious of the very results mentioned in her own case. As our conversation proceeded I endeavored to become more serious, and asked her if she had ever paid as much attention to the subject of religion. She smiled, but not gaily, and said,

'No, but she always attended family devotions morning and evening; read a chapter twice a day in her Bible; and went to church on Sabbath-days. That, she said, was what she gave to religion; that she had regular hours for her various studies, which were not suffered to be broken in upon by any company or inferior pursuit; and that the rest of her time was given to reading novels and other amusements.' The great frankness with which she made me, though a stranger, acquainted with these particulars, heightened my interest in her, and I pressed the subject with as much closeness, mingled with tenderness, as I could. She looked serious at times, and once I observed a rising tear. After some other conversation, she asked me if we were going to the Falls. I told her it was possible, but not immediately. She replied, she wished we were, as she should like my company. What, said I, if I am going to talk all the way, as I have done, for it is very possible I should? 'O yes,' she said, 'for it would be for good.' After tea we were soon seated together, and feeling that the time was short before we should separate, I renewed the conversation. She had just been complaining of the tediousness of being shut up in the cabin, &c. But, omitting any observation on that point, I continued to press on her the importance of giving up the follies of the world, and attending to religion as a personal concern. She evidently felt somewhat the force of the truth that it was her duty; and summoning resolution, she told me she had recently felt very *strangely*, as she expressed it; that she knew not what to make of it; that during her journey she had been in a different state of mind from what she had felt at any previous time until that day, when from company, &c. she had been more gay. I drew from her the particulars of her feelings; and, by what she told me, I was convinced that

her long journey in company with her father, having taken her off from her young companions, had been made a season of reflection, in which the all-merciful Spirit of God had been leading her mind to a measure of consideration on the things of her peace. One or two special providences also had assisted. I exhorted her to fall in with these strivings of the Spirit; and endeavored to commend her, and the short conversation I had had with her, to God who performeth all things well; and hope it may be a link in the chain of means which shall eventually bring her to 'the truth as it is in Jesus.'"

This passage is inserted thus at length, as the incident related is an illustration of Mrs. Dimmick's manner in travelling. In the canal boat, or stage coach, or railroad car, she did not, through fear, or unwillingness to meet the cross, conceal her religion. More than is usual, she *carried her heart in her hand.* And yet she had such a way of introducing serious subjects, as, in general, not to give offence, but engage attention, and make the cause of truth respected. She felt the duty of scattering seed by the way-side all along her pilgrimage. Her journeys for relaxation found her still active. In harmony with which is a passage in a letter on another occasion to her sister: "I hope you will be able to do good in your absence, as well as receive good. How important is it, that, wherever we are, we should be about our Master's business. We cannot help exerting influence. Let us exert it for Him, and his cause, who gave himself for us."

"Buffalo, July 16. Since my last, dear sister, we have passed through a variety of scenes. Leaving Lockport, after two or three days' visit with Mr. Dimmick's brother and sister Story, we came to this place, and hence went

immediately to Erie, Penn. There we tarried with friends a fortnight—much longer than we intended, being detained by Mr. Dimmick's illness. We visited friends also at Ripley; passed a few hours with a college acquaintance of Mr. Dimmick's at Dunkirk; and are now returned as far as this place on our way home. Our visits have been very pleasant, except that they have been marred with sickness, as every thing earthly is more or less marred. We leave here in an hour or two for Niagara Falls."

"Lewiston, July 17. I must just tell you of our ride to this place yesterday. Leaving Buffalo at 9 o'clock, we crossed the Niagara river at Black Rock, in a crazy horse-boat, and found ourselves at once in his majesty's dominions, under a clear sky and bright sun, with the noble Niagara on our right, pursuing its course to its abrupt and mighty descent. Within a few miles of the great object of attraction, we saw at a distance something like the smoke of a burning mass, and were conjecturing what it might be, when a passenger on the out-side of the stage informed us that it was the spray from the Falls—which we found to be the case. After dinner, we took a survey, of an hour or two, of this great wonder. I shall not attempt now to describe to you Niagara Falls. I contemplated the scene from some points from which I had not before beheld it. From whatever point this great assemblage of impressive objects is viewed, it strikes the mind with awe. A second visit is no less interesting than the first, nine years ago.

"From Niagara we proceeded to Queenstown; on whose heights is Brock's monument, erected to the memory of Gen. Brock, who fell at this place in an engagement with the Americans in the last war. We entered it, and ascended to its top by a winding flight of stairs, of one

hundred and seventy steps. Near the top is a gallery, or platform, on the outside, surrounded by an iron railing, from which the view, especially in a northerly direction, stretching over lake Ontario and the Canadas, is most magnificent.

"We were soon after at this village; whence we proceed early in the morning *homeward.*"

Near the close of 1829, and till towards the middle of 1830, Mrs. Dimmick was left alone. An enfeebled state of health rendered it necessary for her husband to spend the cold season in a Southern climate. Much satisfaction and benefit would have accrued to him, could she have accompanied him. But some insuperable difficulties appeared to lie in the way. He left home the 21st of December, and returned the 16th of the following June.

A clergyman's wife, under these circumstances, is placed in a trying situation. The pulpit is supplied by another than her husband. She feels a double care and solicitude that things may go well, while the sympathy and aid to which she has been accustomed are withdrawn from her. The burdens that devolve on her, she has to bear alone; besides the anxieties she feels for the absent, amidst the perils of seas and other climes.

A few extracts from Mrs. Dimmick's letters to her husband, during this absence, will show how she passed these lonely months.

"Jan. 20, 1830. Truly *ours* should be the language of praise to God for his mercy in preserving you to reach the land after your tedious voyage. . . . . I have made

about twenty-five calls in the parish since you left. Mr. J. S. is declining gradually. I have visited him twice. I feel anxious for his salvation, and have endeavored to urge on him 'Repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ.' . . . . . Mr. H. is faithful in his preaching, and desires to do good among us."

"Feb. 11. The colored woman of whom I spoke in my last, continues deeply impressed. Another individual has had his mind turned to religion in a sudden manner. God seems to be doing something among us. Mrs. S. has at length departed from this evil world. Mr. S. remains about the same. I shall go to see him as soon I can. . . . . You speak of books. Father Henry has engrossed more of my attention of late than any other author. I am more engaged in *thinking*, than in *reading*, just now. I sift things over and over, till there seems little left to work upon, sometimes."

"Feb. 20. I have had much conflict of late in my own heart, and some trials from without, which combined have borne heavily upon me. But I hope the trial is lessening. . . . . Mrs. F. (the colored woman) appears to have passed from death unto life."

"Feb. 27. It would please me much to be with you in viewing all that is fine at the South; but could I only be with you to minister to your comfort, I would willingly forego all other pleasures. . . . . What a year of variety has this been to us. God's dealings with us are mysterious. But 'why should a living man complain?' This is enough to silence us. O that sanctification may ensue from this severe discipline. God often chastens sharply, before he bestows signal favors; and I sometimes

dare to *hope* that he means some great kindness to us, as the result of our present correction. Shall it be winter all the year? This is not the case usually in the dealings of our merciful condescending God.

"At the inquiry meeting last week, ten were present. Four or five of them had not attended before. Mr. —— —— was at the meeting, and I was enabled to converse with him on what I believe is the grand hindrance to his salvation, (his traffic in ardent spirits,) as in view of the judgment day. I think God enabled me to speak for him, and so to speak as forever to clear my conscience, though the individual concerned should continue to sin, and finally perish. . . . . Mr. H. had an inquiry meeting again last evening. Fourteen were present."

"March 8. Yours of Feb. 19, reached me March 2, and informed me of your contemplated removal from Charleston to Cuba. You will not be surprised when I say, that it has cost me an effort to become reconciled to this measure. But I hope it will be for good.

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"You will wish to know how things are with us. There are some occurences a little favorable. E. P. is awakened to a sense of her necessities as an immortal being. L. B. is also asking earnestly, 'what she shall do to be saved?' Two or three others appear very solemn. I made a visit among the colored people on Friday last. Mr. F. appears thoughtful and somewhat impressed. He has abstained from *rum* the fortnight past, and reads his Bible, and has prayed in his family. He says he 'has been serious before, but did not continue so, because drinking spirit would not let him.' This would answer for a description of many a poor wretch. . . . . Mrs. R. B. is a little better. I called to see her on Saturday. . . . . .

I have been out this afternoon to see some sick persons in the parish."

"March 14. On Tuesday I called at Mr. E. B.'s, and had conversation with Mrs. B. and L. their daughter. I found the latter hoping that she had cast herself on a Saviour's mercy. On Wednesday I called at Mr. F.'s, and found Mrs. F. a good deal solicitous about the things of her peace. In the evening a meeting was held at Mr. B.'s, and about sixty were present. Some neighborhood meetings were held in town at the same time. I think we have not before seen, in this place, so general a quickening among Christians."

"April 20. I have this morning visited Mrs. I. C., who has a child lying dead. Mr. C. has a child, but a little younger, very low. How many of the dear children, born about the time of our own, have been early taken from this world of sin. May we not hope that they form an *angel band* in the heavenly world, praising together the great Redeemer? Who would regret contributing to so glorious a result? 'Thy will be done *on earth*, as *it is in heaven!*'"

"June 1. M. F. hopes she has given herself to her Saviour, likewise H. M. and one or two others. . . . . We have been arranging matters lately for the establishment of a charitable infant school. Several ladies are engaged about it, and have contributed to its advancement. They have, however, put the burden of its establishment chiefly on me, others assisting. I did not feel able to assume the responsibility, and know not how it will succeed. But I felt encouraged by the words, 'cast thy burden on the Lord, and *he shall sustain thee.*' I

hope the Lord will take care of it, and then it will certainly do well and accomplish good.

"When I contemplate the arduousness of your work, how much it needs all the strength of body you have, and all the ardor of the soul, I hardly dare think of your return. This is a great work indeed, and I have never thought of it with feelings of deeper solemnity, and I may add, at times, of distress even, than since your absence. 'Who is sufficient for these things?'"

These passages show how she was employed during the anxious period in question; still serving the Redeemer, and the people in the midst of whom the providence of God had placed her. "Our dear Mrs. Dimmick," said a letter from a friend, during the time, "is much engaged in promoting our prayer-meetings, and other good things. It is a great comfort to have her with us during your absence."

CHAPTER IX.

Extracts of Letters to a Hesitating Inquirer — Some further Letters on Kindred Subjects.

The labors of Mrs. Dimmick's pen were sometimes employed with those immediately around her, to win them to Christ. Instances of this kind, supply the material for this chapter. The first is the case of a young friend somewhat captivated with the gayeties of life; and, at the same time, struggling hard to escape from the claims of evangelical doctrine, in which she had been educated. With much reasoning in conversation, much also was done in writing. The following passages—taken from letters and notes without date, but spreading over a year or two—will show the spirit and manner of her part of the correspondence. Here also she was permitted to see good fruit of her labor.

"Dear ——: Be entreated to become a Christian—a decided Christian. Disappoint the great adversary of your best interests, and be an example to your gay friends; and procure thus, moreover, the approbation of your own conscience, and of your Saviour and your God."

"It is the mark of an ingenuous (and has often been

the proof of a great) mind, to confess ourselves in the wrong, when wrong has been committed, and to pursue the straight line of duty, against the powerful influence of censure and sarcasm."

"Dear ——. I advise you to attend the meeting this evening, for baptized children. Your connection with the church by baptism gives you a right there, of which no one on earth can deprive you. And may the Saviour of lost sinners meet you there, and cause your heart to melt in penitence; lead you to embrace him as your Redeemer, and enable you to renounce a world which allures you from the path of duty and of life!"

"—— Never apologize for coming to see me, when the important interest of the soul is the object of the visit. You did not detain me from a single duty yesterday. I imagine sometimes that you do not wish me to be quite so free as I often am. Then I banish such thoughts. I certainly tremble for you in your present position. There is no safety for you till your *heart* is given to your Redeemer."

"—— You ask if I have not something good for you? Interesting question! I have. I have a Saviour to offer you! one infinitely able to enlighten your understanding, and sanctify your heart, and make you happy, here and forever! There is only one single condition—one easy condition—and that is, that you will just come to him penitently, and receive the invaluable gift. Human help is *vain*. You need *His* help who is *able* to save. And let me say to you that he is also *willing*—that he is even *waiting* to be gracious, while you are *refusing* him admittance to your heart. O that you knew the blessedness

of him that believeth! But you have no steady, persevering, ardent wish for it, and neither God, angel, nor man can consistently *force* it on a free moral agent."

"—— I hope you will speedily find relief by repairing to the cross of Christ. There is no other way to obtain scriptural peace. In vain is mere external morality; in vain are all the devices of man's invention; nothing else will meet the exigencies of our case. Again I say, be a Christian—a consistent Christian—an entire Christian, whatever it may cost you. Heaven will repay all."

"—— Do not be concerned at the thought that you trouble me with the overflowings of your heart. Your heart and your life have, indeed, been such as they should not be. But Christ came to call, 'not the righteous, but sinners to repentance,—*sinners!* just such as you are. If you have in any measure given yourself to the Saviour, exercise now a little confidence in him. Remember that he will save from the condemning power of that holy law which you have broken. He came on purpose to repair the injury done by sinners in violating so holy and good a law, and was perfectly free in doing it. And now does he not feel a sacred and divine delight in seeing a sinner come and accept that righteousness which he offers—a sinner feeling and confessing that he has none of his own? This leads to true gratitude. This lays a foundation for a new life—a life of obedience from holy motives, and on holy principles: a life of felt obligation for redeeming love. And this will prepare for joining in the employments and enjoyments of heaven; where the mysteries of this world will be unfolded, and every redeemed soul will say, '*He hath done all things well!*'"

"You are afraid of selfishness in seeking your own salvation. And selfishness is our easily besetting sin, and the source of all sin, and should be most sedulously guarded against. Yet I would by no means have you indifferent in regard to a matter which has cost our blessed Saviour so much agony and pain. Your salvation from eternal misery was precious in his sight, and ought to be in yours. He does not merely say, 'Come unto me and glorify me;' but, 'Come unto me and *be saved.*' Yet, thanks to his name, we may and shall glorify him if we do fully come to him, and accept this salvation. And how could we bear to have it otherwise? How much would it take from the satisfaction of religion, if nothing but our salvation was to be secured, and we had no prospect of honoring, of glorifying the rich and wonderful grace, of our great Deliverer? Could we bear a scheme so selfish? Would it commend itself to our understandings, or our hearts? No, may we well say, no, blessed Lord, we would choose just such a salvation as thine—abasing while it exalts the sinner—honoring that law which has been dishonored by us—and bringing to view, before the intelligent universe, the most wonderful condescension, with the most exalted benevolence, which it was possible for God to show.

"And now, my dear friend, leave yourself wholly with this great and glorious Saviour. Abstain as much as possible from dwelling on those things which induce despair. Trust simply in Him. This will honor him. Fear not to say, '*Thy will be done!*' for it is the temper of heaven; and those who truly say it shall find acceptance with God, and admittance to the bright world where every blessed spirit delights to do all God's will."

"—— Now if you continue to look to the Saviour

with an eye of faith, instead of searching for righteousness in yourself; and if this view of a Saviour leads you to a new and obedient course of life; it will not be unsafe to conclude that you are a Christian—to believe that you have that 'new heart and right spirit' which are pleasing to God, and are the fruit of his own gracious operation."

"—— You speak of your natural levity. I am convinced that you need to exercise a more strict and persevering watchfulness over yourself. I know, by my own heart, how much you are losing by not maintaining a due measure of sobriety. You must suppress that kind of witty talent you have, or I fear that many young Christians, with no more advantages than you possess, (perhaps less,) will outstrip you in the race, and you will be left behind. Make not the excuse, that you cannot do better. You *can;* and if you do not, you will reap from your error most bitter fruits."

"—— If you have conveyed your heart away, and have had conveyed to you, or I would rather say, conferred upon you, pardon and peace from God our Saviour, this is happiness enough. I hope that this is the fountain at which you are now drinking. And no doubt the contrast between these sweet waters, and the bitter streams at which you have lately been drinking so largely, aids in giving them their peculiar relish. O be careful not to mingle them. Be watchful—nothing but sin will defile or injure you. Live wholly devoted, and you shall have continual peace; and sleeping or waking, living or dying, the Saviour and the fullness of his perfection is pledged for your security—your everlasting joy!"

The following is to a young friend in acknowledgement of a present.

"Dear ——. I intended, before this, to acknowledge your acceptable present. Receive my thanks for it. I assure you I am much pleased with every such token of affection and regard, not only on its own account, but particularly as, extended to a minister's wife, indicative of serious respect for religion. I hope ever to retain a place in your affections, and that I may never prove myself unworthy of it.

"And now, dear friend, can I better show my love to you, than in telling you, that I feel a deep interest in your spiritual welfare? I greatly desire that you may early know the happiness which flows from a renewed heart, and the consecration of your earliest and best affections to the Saviour of sinners. Do, my dear young friend, give your immediate and undivided attention to this subject. I doubt not that you think of it frequently as a matter of importance—as something that must be attended to, if your future and eternal state shall be one of happiness. But, alas! there is no subject on which so much procrastination is practiced, as on this—and yet none where it is so dangerous to delay. Allow me to urge you to consider this subject *now*, before the world presents any more allurements, or its cares press more upon you. I doubt not the Spirit waits to be your helper, and to bring you from darkness to light; and I am sure, if you should once feel the delightful change, your joy would be overflowing; you would have a new object to live for, and new and higher sources of pleasure opened to you than you have ever yet enjoyed, or ever can enjoy if these are rejected.

"Excuse the length of my note, and accept my warmest wishes, and most fervent prayers, for your present and future happiness."

The following was to a lady who had been sick, but was recovering.

"Dear Mrs. J. I have thought often of you since I heard of your being sick, and have greatly desired that I might hear that you had found a resting place on that *firm foundation* which can never be moved. What can you do without it, and especially how will you be able to do without it in the great day of trial? It has rejoiced my heart to hear that some around you have turned to the Lord—have given their hearts to our Divine Saviour. And will not *you* be of the number? O how long, dear friend, has the patience of God waited on you! Does not this thought affect your heart? Can *you* not come to Christ for help, as well as others? Will there ever be a more favorable time? Is not this the only time of which you are sure? O cast yourself on the sovereign mercy of God through Jesus Christ, and resign your all to him. What a mercy that Christ is willing to receive us, poor and wretched as we are, if we will only come to him feeling our poverty and wretchedness.

"I send you the accompanying tract. May you be enabled to flee to that Saviour whom it so clearly exhibits."

To a young relative in affliction.

"You know who directs all things. You must endeavor, dear H. to feel that it is *all, all right*, and must bow submissively to ALL as from a Father's chastening

rod, designed to call off your affections from earth, and fix them on the great salvation. May you be enabled to say, in the spirit of adoption,

> 'Father, I bless thy gentle hand,
> How kind was thy *chastising rod*,
> Which forced my conscience to a stand,
> And brought my wandering soul to God.'"

To the same.

"I hope you will try not to yield to despondency, and especially learn to put your whole trust in God, and savingly acquaint yourself with him, and be at peace. O remember the great worth of your soul, immortal as it is, and risk its welfare no longer by delay."

To another young friend and relative.

"May I not hope, from the few words in your letter expressive of your feelings under the loss of your parents, that you have chosen *their Saviour* to be *your Saviour*, and *everlasting friend?* O how much has this been the subject of their prayers and their efforts. Have you not felt it a matter of deep regret, that you had not, ere their departure, cheered their hearts, by giving yourself to the service of God? But such good news reaches heaven; and perhaps they have already sung new songs to redeeming love on your account. . . . . And now dear W. remain steadfast in your resolution to serve the Lord. Never go back to earthly things as your portion. Instead of this, 'grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.' Take up *any* and *every cross* which may lie in your way, and endeavor to be faithful in the service of your God. Be faithful to your fellow sailors; and, while you set them a good and pious exam-

ple, speak to them of a Saviour, and endeavor to lead them to Him. Be thankful, as you witness the superstitions of heathen countries, and of other nations who have embraced false religions, that you have been born in a Christian land, and have a better lot. Pray much. Let your heart often ascend to God, while your hands are engaged in your common avocations. Every blessing attend you."

The following was to a young acquaintance at a distance, of whose hopeful conversion she had received intelligence.

"My very dear J——. I can no longer delay telling you how much joy I received from your letter of last Saturday. It was, indeed, unexpected, but not the less welcome. Blessed be the Lord, that he has sent renewing grace to our fallen world; and blessed be his name, that, as we hope, it has attracted and overcome the heart of my dear J. I felt a deep interest in your becoming a Christian, the first time I saw you in B——, which was heightened whenever we had any conversation on the subject. I knew how many obstacles the Spirit of God would probably find, guarding every avenue to your heart, and it often then and since has brought a deep sigh from my bosom. Still I knew that nothing could resist omnipotent energy; and I trusted that the time was not far distant when He, who has the power, would draw you, with the cords of sovereign love, to himself. And now, is it indeed so? What praise is due!

"Numerous questions rush upon my mind, which I long to ask you; and I cannot help thinking how sweet an hour's conversation with you would be. Write me again, and give me a fuller account of yourself, and tell me whether any of

your young friends, or others, are coming into the kingdom with you. Dear J., you *must feel* a deep interest in the salvation of others; it is one of the best marks of discipleship. If I mistake not, you told me, in one of our interviews, that if you should ever be a Christian, you should wish to be a decided one. Now this is just what your Saviour would have you to be—just what the church of Christ needs—and, as a very inferior motive, I would say, just what would delight my heart concerning you.

"You say you 'have not yet found that perfect peace and confidence which you expected.' Be not discouraged on this account. As long as the Bible is precious, and prayer a source of consolation and support, you have an abiding evidence that the Lord is with you, and you with him. Be very careful not to grieve that Spirit, who, in the expressive language of another, is 'infinitely delicate,' withdrawing speedily from the soul when his influences are not appreciated or desired. Often use that petition of our Saviour's prayer, 'Lead me not into temptation'—and be sure not to place yourself where you have good reason to believe you can do no good, and may receive much harm. While you mingle with the world, be careful to maintain the character of a Christian. Let your example ever speak for Christ, and your tongue also on all fitting occasions. I can but just touch on a few of your privileges and duties. My heart would dictate much more. Indeed, the subject is endless, because, in its entire bearings, it is infinite. I have prayed much for you since the reception of yours, feeling how important your *outset* in the Christian life is, and how much it may affect your whole Christian course. I again commend you to the love and grace of our divine Saviour. May you ever grow in the knowledge and love of Him!"

To a near friend about to make a public profession of religion.

"Dec. 15, 1827. I saw Mr. —— this week. He informed me of your health, and also that you have been propounded for admission to the church. This has led me to very serious thoughts, and to some fervent petitions that you may perform the solemn duty in an understanding and acceptable manner. Do not suppose that I would deter you from what I consider a duty binding on every real Christian. But it seemed a very solemn thing, when I thus publicly separated myself from the world, and devoted myself to Christ and his cause; and it appears a great thing to me to have you do it. My prayers will ascend daily, that you may do it aright, and that you may have grace thenceforth to meet the responsibilities you will thus assume. Remember that hereafter you will stand so identified with the cause of truth and holiness, that sin in you will be more sinful and inexcusable than before; that the world will expect to see a *marked* difference between you and them, and between you and your former self. I hope that you will seek for deeper and deeper Christian experience; that you will be sober-minded, be faithful in prayer, and watch against every sin which may easily beset you."

CHAPTER X.

A severe Sickness in 1831 — The Death of her last Sister—Her notices of Revivals of Religion in 1831, and subsequently.

In the summer and fall of 1831, Mrs. Dimmick was visited with a very severe sickness—a nervous fever. She apparently came near the grave. A shock was given to her constitution, from which she never after fully recovered. She suffered also exceedingly. The disease was on the nerves of the system, most intimately connected with the mind, and disqualifying the mind itself to act with its wonted composure. Of this sickness she herself says:

"Dec. 25, 1831. My nerves have received a most violent shock, the remembrance of which, with the mental agony it produced, still awakens distress. Surely 'thy judgments are a great deep!' Was this chastisement the necessary discipline of a Father's love? Was it a direct answer to the petitions which I had often presented, to be crucified to the world, and made holy and acceptable to God? If so, I little anticipated the process necessary to the accomplishment of the result. How does it become me to inquire, whether

I have secured the blessing. That I have had many and very serious views of life, death, time, and eternity; of Christians, of sinners, and of duty, I am sure. A tide of thought, and of most serious thought, has been constantly flowing through my mind, and has given greater familiarity to the awful subjects contemplated. Yet, apprehending, as I did, my liability to be called shortly into the presence of God, and to enter on a new state of existence, I felt a shrinking and reluctance. I longed for the rest which I felt certain that entire submission to God would give, but I found it not. I feared that I should dishonor religion. Yet my views of the character and government of God, as perfect, remained the same. The gospel of Christ appeared the same scheme of infinite mercy to a fallen world. Our need of it appeared as great as before, perhaps greater—certainly when applied to myself. The church of Christ appeared as necessary in its influence on its members, and on the world, as ever, and the various ways of promoting its interests, and the salvation of lost men, matters of as high and interesting regard, as when I was actively engaged in duties of this description. Was it the state of my nerves, with the delicate and unknown connection they have with mind, that produced the mental darkness I felt? My friends have told me so. And I think I may hope and believe that such was the case. But oh the sufferings that have been endured! May God enable me to make a right use of this sickness—to consecrate the remainder of life to Him, in whatever way his providence shall direct, and to be fully prepared for all his will in future. Blessed be the Lord for his goodness!"

Under another date, a little earlier, the subject is also, more succinctly, mentioned.

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"Nov. 3, 1831. I have, during my illness, when at its height, had serious views of eternity, and pondered deeply what it would be to leave all that is earthly, and enter on the untried scenes of that state. I felt that I had not lived as an immortal being with such prospects before him ought to live. I felt unprepared for events of such overwhelming consequence. I desired to live, that I might redeem the time, and lay a better foundation—or rather, get my interest on the sure foundation, the rock Christ, more firmly settled, so that I might honor him on a sick bed, and triumph in death. The Lord has spared me; and may it be to serve him more faithfully while I tabernacle here, and so prepare for a happy exit, and what lies beyond. I am fully convinced that Christians generally do not live for eternity—with that world in view—as they ought. 'O that *they* also, (as well as the unthinking and careless,) were wise; that *they* understood this; that *they* would consider their latter end!'"

This incident in Mrs. Dimmick's life, is given for its illustration of an important principle. The doctrine of submission, or resignation to the will of God, is sometimes pressed so far as to allow nothing to a diseased nervous system. The *moral* in man must, indeed, always be submissive to God—resigned to his will. But an agitated *physical* frame is not a subject of moral law, and the mind, partaking of the agitation, is sometimes unable to exercise entire self-control. It was a remark of Mrs. Dimmick herself, that sometimes *too much* is required of the Christian, in this respect, when passing through scenes of sickness and trials. Some natures, indeed, are all quiescent. Some diseases stupify. And these things are mistaken, sometimes for *submission*. God detects the deficiency, or the spurious, under these appearances, and

sees also the real, the genuine, where it exists, even amidst many struggles and physical agitations.

In July, 1833, Mrs. Dimmick was called to part with her only remaining sister, Mrs. Penelope J. M. Pearson, wife of Capt. John Smith Pearson, of Newburyport. This was a deep affliction.

"I tremble," she said, shortly after, "at recording the desolation which has visited me. Yes, I have been called to part with my dear, only remaining, and well-beloved sister. The grave has closed suddenly over her noble and commanding form, and that heart, so full of tender sensibility and warm affection, has ceased to beat forever. We passed the last evening of her health together, and the recollection of it is full of tenderness. The light of the morning showed her prostrate on the bed, which, in four short days, became the bed of death. She retained her reason as long as consciousness continued, and her spirit was sweet, peaceful, resigned. Rarely have I seen one more uniformly calm and submissive—so affectionate, so grateful, so humble. Her words and her spirit were, 'Father, not my will, but thine be done.'

> 'Sweet to lie passive in his hand,
> And know no will but his.'

I witnessed her last sighings, and saw her gently released by the angel of death. My spirit was calm at the moment. I acquiesced in my Father's will. I thought of her as mounting to the throne, and could not but feel, with no common emotion,

> 'O the sweet wonders of the scene,
> Which rush upon her sight!'

But oh the thought returns again and again, she is gone, —gone from earth forever! How dream-like! How astonishing to herself has been an opening heaven with its mighty scenes! And have my departed sisters, who on earth were as one, already met and recognised each other on the everlasting plains? Methinks they have, and I feel a sacred satisfaction in the thought. I can go further, and admit the possibility that they are now sympathising with their lonely sorrowing sister, still an inhabitant of earth.

"This is in some respects the keenest sorrow I have ever felt. This the greatest loss I have ever sustained. O how dear was this very dear sister! I know it is my duty to repress, rather than cherish that keen sensibility which frequently asks indulgence, and is sometimes too imperative to take a denial. I can hardly express how intimate we were with each other; how much we depended on each other's counsel and aid in every question, and on all occasions; how entirely confidential in all our intercourse, so that we never considered a thing as fairly enjoyed, till we had enjoyed it together; or if something of a painful nature had occurred, our pain was not removed till soothed by the other's sympathy. Yet, in the language of inspired truth, 'I am dumb, I open not my mouth; because thou hast done it.' 'The Lord is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works.'"

Her letters also speak on this subject.

"July 22, 1833. I am conscious that I leaned on this dear sister very much. It is pleasant to reflect how much we loved each other, and how uninterrupted our sisterly affection has been. I cannot hope that her place can ever be filled to me in this world. May you and I find it

specially blessed to us, in making us look less to earth, and more to heaven! I have at times been distressed with the thought, that this providence might pass away without sanctification to us, and to the church, of which she was a consistent member."

"Sept. 9. There is a melancholy pleasure in mourning her loss. I cannot be willing to shake off the recollections, which, if indulged, are sure to bring tears to my eyes, and anguish to my heart. Yet I often think that I ought to rejoice in her departure, since I have the hope that it is her gain. And I am sometimes enabled so to do. I do believe that God has done it in wisdom, and that it is for the best."

"Feb. 23, 1835. Dear Brother, ... I cannot forget that this day is the anniversary of our dear sister Susan's death, reckoning by the day of the week. You will not forget the parting scene between yourself and her. Few scenes through which I have passed in life, are more vividly impressed on my mind, than that. There was a tenderness and sublimity about it, which might well have employed the painter's skill to preserve it from oblivion, and which, I am confident, will never be obliterated from *our* memory.

"I cannot tell you how much I have thought of both our beloved sisters during the last six weeks, or the many tears I have shed as I have recalled them in various ways to my mind. You will say I ought not to dwell too much on these subjects. I know I ought not to dwell on them too much. And I think I do not. The general error, it appears to me, is not, that the living think *too much* of their departed friends, but *too little*. Of this I am certain, though there are exceptions, as there are to

all general rules. I will say of them, as Rev. John Newton said of his departed companion, 'I hope that while I can recollect where they sat, how they looked, and what they said, without hindering my business, hurting my spirits, or raising a murmuring thought against the will of God, it will not be my *duty* to forget them.'"

"July 23. Since I last wrote you, the mournful anniversary of our dear sister P.'s sickness and death has occurred. This I observed with a multitude of thoughts and feelings, which I cannot describe. Two full years, according to the computation of earth, she has now been in eternity. But we cannot grasp a subject so high, with any adequate conception of what is involved in it. What a lesson was her sudden departure! I can never forget it. I would not, if I could. Let us prepare to follow her."

"Aug. 10. I hope I do not allude to her too often for your happiness. I certainly do not for my own, though almost every remembrance is accompanied with a tear. She was possessed of uncommonly fine sensibilities. This was among the most prominent and pleasing traits of her character.

"I love to think of each of these dear ones, as having attained what the poet has sung:

'Thou art gone to thy home in the land of the blest,
Where sighing shall cease, where the weary shall rest;
Thy cares are all ended, thy toils are all o'er,
Thou shalt sin, thou shalt suffer, and sorrow no more!

'But we, in our mourning, still long for that ray
That gleamed through our darkness, that gladdened our way;
Bright star, how we loved thee! thy kind ray is o'er;
O blest one! O dear one, thou 'lt cheer us no more!

'Thy smile is departed, thy warm grasp is gone,
Thy flowers are all withered, and cold thy hearth-stone,
Thy home is deserted, thy welcome is o'er,
Thy voice we shall hear, thy smile see no more!

'But O that bright home of the good and the blest!
We are bound to its bourn, we are seeking its rest;
Thou waitest our coming upon its fair shore,
We follow,—to meet thee,—and lose thee no more!'"

It is apparent from what has been brought to view in the preceding chapters, that Mrs. Dimmick lived for the church of Christ. It will not be surprising, therefore, to find her entering deeply into scenes by which the prosperity of the church was promoted, and greatly rejoicing in them.

The year 1831 will long be remembered as a year of good things to Zion. Mrs. Dimmick mentions the brightening prospect in the circle of her own observation as follows. "Our heavy night began to give way to some feeble glimmerings of approaching day at the *College Fast* in February. Good tidings reached us of one or two young men, children of the church, at a distant literary institution. Some special means, afterwards resorted to, were crowned with a blessing, and we may now be said to be enjoying a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord in no ordinary degree. . . . . I feel very unworthy to be permitted to witness this work, and especially to have any share in labors to bring souls to Christ. Oh to have my dross taken away, and to be purified as silver for the Master's use!"

It may be proper to dispose in order, some passages

from Mrs. Dimmick's letters and journal, relating to this success of the Gospel in the community in which she resided, especially as she took so lively an interest in it, was incessant in her prayers for it, and in labors in all appropriate ways. We have seen the casual notices which she has given of additions to the church in earlier years. At this time, and for a few succeeding years, scenes of deeper interest occurred than had been witnessed before. She speaks of herself frequently, yet only with a view to present the *subject* for consideration.

"April 18, 1831. The morning after you left us, notwithstanding the dampness of the weather, I arose early and attended the morning prayer meeting. On Friday our church held a Fast. In the morning we were together as a church, and renewed our covenant. In the afternoon we had a public meeting. This morning I was out again to the prayer meeting. Yesterday (Sabbath) the six persons propounded previously, and examined on Friday, were admitted to the church. I think some who have been halting a long time, begin to be quickened. One connected with the Bible class in the Sabbath school, expressed a hope to me yesterday. I have heard of one or two other conversions in town."

"July 10. Mr. —— has told you what a solemn Sabbath we had immediately succeeding our protracted meeting. No Sabbath since we have been here was ever followed with so powerful and immediate effects. Since that time, great things have been done, whereof we are glad. The last week has been a week of special interest. Several of our enterprising men of business have yielded to the power of the truth and the influences of the Spirit, as well as a number of interesting females. A solemnity

pervades our streets and our houses; opposition retires into its secret corners, as if afraid or ashamed to show itself. We ask an interest in your prayers."

"July 22. Never, probably, was there so interesting a time in this town before. It is very unlike the revival in this place thirty years ago, the aged Christians testify. There has been a gradual but steady progress ever since its commencement, and at no moment has the work appeared of greater interest, or brighter promise, than at present. In addition to the conversions which are of daily occurrence, there seems to be a work of preparation going on in the minds of a large and highly respectable part of the community, which leads the observing and prayerful to expect still further and greater results. The work is of that calm, deep, solemn character, which checks the sneers of skeptics, and makes many of them pause, and query whether this be not the power of God? The eyes of Christians are very much towards the Lord. Religion is the general topic of conversation in all places of resort. The way to the Saviour seems greatly shortened, and faith says, *Make haste with thy salvation, O God.* I should like to write you much more, but our house is a house of inquiry from morning to evening; i. e. all are free to call at any hour for religious conversation, and many daily resort to us. We feel it to be eminently a 'harvest time.'"

"Aug. 16. It is most delightful to witness 'the growing empire of our King' in this region, which has so long yielded but few accessions, comparatively, to Zion's ranks. We spent Thursday at B., where, at the close of the afternoon sermon, invitation being given for any to stay who were desirous of an interest in Christ, upwards

of one hundred took their seats, and much deep feeling was apparent. We left on Friday morning, and went to R. At noon, after a sermon, an invitation being given for those who desired, to remain to be conversed with, full one hundred and fifty stayed, and I have never witnessed more feeling on any similar occasion. The proportion of *men* in both places was considerable, but the greatest in the latter. . . . . The revival with us goes on in a very encouraging manner. New instances of awakening and conversion occur daily."

"Sept. 2. Our last Sabbath inquiry meeting was encouraging, as we found six or seven new cases of hopeful conversion, and some of recent impression. Twelve were also propounded for admission to our church, nine of whom are men, heads of families. A meeting was held last evening for those who entertain hope that they have recently found an interest in Christ. Seventy-five were present, though not all who appear well in a judgment of charity. A meeting is held once a week for men exclusively. On Monday evening last, there were present about one hundred and fifty, and considerable interest was manifested.

"There is an interesting revival at N. (Factory Village,) which I understand commenced from one of the deacons there being at our four days' meeting. He was greatly quickened, went home, commenced a morning prayer meeting the next morning, (they having no pastor at the time,) told what he had witnessed here, and was thus the means of quickening the church, and leading to the results which have followed. So God uses his work in one place, to promote it in another."

"Dec. 3. This morning's mail brought us the painful

intelligence of the death of our beloved friend Mr. Amos Pettingel, tutor in Yale College. . . . . In reference to this providence we feel constrained to say, 'Thy path is in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known.' That God does all things well, is a point of our faith. But *why* he does many things is a deep mystery. How valiant has been the career of our young friend, since he was brought to the knowledge of Christ, in February last. No doubt can be felt that he is now enjoying the presence of Christ in glory. His Christian character was too strongly marked, to have been otherwise than real. His difference from his former self was too great, to allow that the change was other than that wrought by the Holy Ghost. Blessed be God for this exhibition of his almighty power and efficacious grace. The remembrance of it, and of the blessed fruits it produced, will long be cherished by very many who were warmed and quickened by his eloquence and devotion."

"Sept. 27, 1832. We have had two or three interesting conversions since I last wrote, also an addition of five to the church."

"June 18, 1833. A gradual work has been going on in our parish for several weeks past. We are hoping it will increase. . . . . O the wonders of divine grace at the present day! How glad our hearts are made in respect to Zion."

"Dec. 17. Our inquiry meeting on Thursday evening was one of the most interesting I ever attended. About sixty were present. A number were rejoicing in the hope that they had found the Saviour; others were deeply awakened; and several who had previously indulged some

hope, now saw clearer light, and had resolved, as they had not done before, on new obedience. As many as twenty have already expressed hope in Christ, with greater or less degrees of clearness, and a number of others are asking the way to Zion with their faces thitherward. Christians are invigorated, and the savor is so sweet on their spirits, that, instead of being tired, they are fresh to engage in further services for their Redeemer."

"May 3, 1834. We are to have between thirty and forty propounded to-morrow for admission to our church, as a kind of first fruits of the late revival. . . . . We have had no new cases of conversion, that I know of, for the last two or three weeks. Our work is now mostly that of establishing the young converts, and bringing them into the church. And this is a great work, and one of momentous responsibility."

"Sept. 30, 1836. We have had a day of fasting and prayer in our church this week. There appeared to be much good feeling, and we hope it will prove a means of quickening us all in the spiritual life, and that we shall be prepared as a church and people for greater blessings."

"March 10, 1838. We are now enjoying a little reviving in religion, but not so extensive as is desirable. There have been some interesting conversions in almost every evangelical congregation in town, and there are a number now seriously inquiring, who cannot yet be reckoned as genuine disciples. I hope you feel a portion of that heavenly influence, which is moving over your city. How grateful ought we to be, that so much of the reviving spirit is at present enjoyed in our land."

"Feb. 4, 1839. We feel encouraged in regard to the state of religion in our town. Christians are quickened, and a few conversions of an interesting character have recently taken place."

"March 13. We are still favored with an unusual attention to the subject of religion, and of course have an abundance to do, of the *best kind of work.* We have religious services in the chapel the first four evenings of each week, and have had generally very interesting meetings.

"How sweet is the service of Christ; yea, sweeter than honey and the honey-comb! And if we thus judge in this imperfect state, with so many sins about us, what shall we think of the service of heaven, if we ever attain that happy state? May grace keep us, extend its triumphs, and prepare our race for a blessed immortality."

CHAPTER XI.

Family Letters — Letters to other Friends.

The letters, from which the following passages are taken were addressed to her brother, or brother and sister conjoined. Along with the manifestation of warm sisterly feeling, they show a predominance of spiritual views, and may be read as a specimen of desirable family correspondence. They exhibit acquaintance with the human heart, and a quick perception of the dangers to which the Christian is exposed in the world, as well as of the duties devolving on him.

"July 12, 1828. How easy it is to wander from God, and to lose the vision of spiritual objects. How easy to nourish indolence and all the evil propensities of an unbelieving heart. How easy to grow cold and negligent in duty. It is only to let ourselves alone, and remain in a careless indecision, and *it is done.* If then we would have true elevation of Christian character, if we would have clear evidence of our adoption into the spiritual family, if we would have that hope which is as an anchor to the soul, in life and in death, we *must take care of our hearts daily;* we must be watchful in *little things,* as well as in great ones. Little things make up

the larger part of our lives, and affect proportionally the formation of our character."

"Jan. 18, 1829. Let this year be a year of watchfulness over our *hearts*, as well as over our outward conduct. Let us be more humble, more amiable, more forgiving, more pitiful, more prayerful. Let us find out more of the true secret of living by faith, and letting our light shine before the world. Let us not be fearful of appearing singular in our attachment to the cause of Christ. We ought to glory in the cross. O let us seek after more heart-work. God will help us, and we shall find out the meaning of that blessed text, '*The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him.*'"

"Feb. 22, 1830. It is a course of every-day watchfulness, and prayerfulness, and duty, that will mould us into the divine image; and when this is attained, happiness and glory will succeed."

"May 12. When we get a view of our Saviour and his wonderful love, manifested in the unparalleled sufferings of the garden and the cross, oh how desirable is it to keep that view—to be influenced by it in our daily deportment. This would be living above the world; this would be living by faith in the Son of God. How little holiness is there in Christians. Will not many fail at last of entering heaven, whose profession is quite credible to a cursory observer? There is to me hardly another consideration of so startling a nature as this; I often tremble before it."

"Jan. 11, 1832. Accept my best wishes at the opening of a new year. May this, indeed, be among the hap-

piest you have ever spent; and may it likewise be one of increased usefulness and devotedness to our Saviour's cause.

"The death of Mr. Mitchell, [her former pastor at Norwich,] was very unexpected to us. We feel it much. How many ministers are cut off before they attain to full age. I often think, what are now their employments, that they should be thus early snatched away from usefulness in this world, where there is so much to be done. The only relief from such perplexing considerations is in the fact, that He who surveys alike the invisible and the visible, sees it fitting. What a clearing up of mysteries will there be in heaven."

"March 28. [To Miss C., shortly to be married to her brother.] My dear Miss C. The anticipated connection between yourself and my beloved brother which is so near its consummation, makes me feel it proper to address to you a few lines. We have doubtless felt an interest in each other already through a common medium. We are now hoping soon to have superadded that personal acquaintance which will cement our regard and perpetuate it. It would give my sister and myself, with our husbands, no common satisfaction to be at N. B. on the evening of the third of April; but various circumstances prevent; chiefly, the distance, and the earliness of the season, which makes travelling less pleasant.

"Although not present, be assured we shall feel a very lively interest in the transactions of the occasion; not merely in their relation to the hour in which they transpire, but principally, as they relate to the future life of both yourself and our dear brother, and to the things of another world. In this view, how important is the step

now to be taken. May it result in the happiness and usefulness of each, and be for the honor of God. We delight to think that you are interested in the same great objects which we hope take deepest hold of our hearts—that both you and we have embraced the same Saviour—feel ourselves pledged to the same cause, and are living for the same heaven. This, surely, will lay a solid foundation for our loving each other. May our affection be strong, and never know abatement."

"Sept. 27. Dear brother and sister,—We are happy to learn by your letter of this week, that you are quietly settled in your own house. I trust you have dedicated yourselves anew to the Lord, and besought his continual presence and blessing on the abode which you have entered. I cannot conceal from you, how anxious I am that you should be eminently devoted to God our Saviour, in your hearts, and in your lives. 'Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all (necessary) things shall be added unto you.' . . . . . May your house be a house of prayer, and of consulting the word of God, of frequent serious and holy meditation, and of that Christian cheerfulness, which, combined with other excellencies, commends religion to beholders."

"Jan. 1, 1833. My dear brother,—Your letter of yesterday brought the very pleasing tidings of the birth of a son. We all congratulate you and our dear sister on the reception of so precious a gift. What can you render to God for his goodness towards you? May you both make a new and entire consecration of yourselves to Him, and present the little one also to be *his*, now and forever. We, too, have known the satisfaction of embracing a *son*, and of consecrating *him* to the Lord, and believe that He

accepted our offering, removing it *immediately* to his presence. . . . . May you have the happiness of watching over the infancy, and training up to manhood this dear child, and see it expanding in intellect, and developing such moral qualities as shall delight your hearts. May he emphatically be *a blessing to his parents, the church, and the world.* This will secure the grand result, eternal blessedness.

"Perhaps it will be a satisfaction to you to know, that I shall often commend this little one to the Saviour. I early hastened to a throne of grace in thanksgiving and supplication, when I heard it had entered this world of probation; and it will continue to occupy a place among those for whom I present daily petitions. The inheritance of grace I know you will esteem for it above 'thousands of gold and silver.'

"May this be a 'Happy New Year' to us all. Let us try to do more for God *this year*, than ever before. How often our resolutions need to be renewed."

"Nov. 14. It is a great thing so to live, as that we may have a *reasonable prospect* of going to heaven. It ought to make us tremble, to see so many at this time, who enjoy the privilege of being members of Christ's visible church, but who have seemingly only a name to live; who are engrossed with their daily round of cares, and spend little time in prayer, and feel little for the salvation of their fellow-men, or for the progress of Christ's kingdom."

"Sept. 14, 1834. Your letter has been received, containing the news of the birth of a daughter. . . . . Accept our warm congratulations on the joyous event. My prayer will be, that you may train this child for God, that

his grace may be upon it, and that it may be a blessing to you, and to the church of Christ. Then it will itself be blessed forever.

"We have been favored with a visit from Drs. Reed and Matheson,—dined with them at Mr. B——'s. They appeared delighted with finding themselves so surrounded with what reminded them of England. The house, they said, (ancient and venerable,) was built in English style. The garden and grounds around were more like England than any thing they had met before. After dinner, we visited the Federal Street church, to look at Whitfield's Monument, and descended into the vault beneath the pulpit to view the existing remains of this favored servant of God, which have now reposed there in solemn stillness *sixty-four* years. The clergymen of the place being present, and numbers of the people having collected, religious exercises closed the scene. Short and sweet has been the visit of these friends."

"March 30, 1835. I am much pleased with the 'Book for Parents.' The subject is important, and needs to be studied. We received, a few days since, from the publisher, 'Daily Duties,' letters addressed to a clergyman's wife. By Mrs. Adams. I have been writing a notice of it for our paper."

"May 13. It has been very trying to be sick under existing circumstances, [arrested by sickness on a journey;] but I have endeavored to receive this providential appointment as directed by unerring wisdom, and as undoubtedly to result in good. We are not adequate to direct our own steps, and ought to be willing to be led by Him who never errs.

"Sept. 29. I hope, dear sister, you will experience a permanent benefit from the affliction with which you have been visited, in the death of your dear brother. A shade brought over the charms of earth, is often most salutary to us."

"Feb. 23, 1836. Your own birth-day and mine, dear brother, are near together. If we ever attain heaven, we shall doubtless review these years and their many scenes, and their relation to eternity, with deeper emotion than we now feel. May the future witness us more and more earnestly pressing forward toward the mark for the prize of our high calling."

"Oct. 17, 1836. I suppose, as usual, after all journeyings, you return with pleasure to your home. What a glorious *home* will heaven be to every happy spirit that shall be brought thither! Let us more sedulously cultivate the temper and affections which shall fit us for its delightful society and employments."

"March 21, 1837. What are we doing as Christians? How can we be so content to see our friends and fellowmen pressing their way onward to the grave, without hope in Christ? How much this world and its petty cares and interests engross us! What shall we think of ourselves? And in what condition shall we be on the great day of retribution? It is almost too much to think of, if so much did not depend on thinking and acting in reference to it. Let us gird up the loins of our mind, and address ourselves to holiness of life. We must not be negligent in this great duty. We must make our calling and election *sure*, and do what we can to lead others to the same Saviour we have found."

"April 25. . . . . We have, indeed, fallen on days of perturbation and distress in the business world. A righteous retribution is coming on our pride, and spirit of daring speculation.—How are you succeeding in this time of trial? Are you spending anxious days and restless nights, in apprehension of impending evil? Whether it be so or not, let us rejoice that 'the Lord reigneth.' What confusion would be throughout the creation, if it were not so. I have hardly faith enough to keep myself in the quiet assurance that you can be wholly exempt from the general danger and general panic; yet I am sure, should your barque ride out the storm safely, my heart will rejoice, giving praise unto God. I am, on the whole, comforted with the thought that the overruling hand of God is at work for the good of our land in the distress of these times. I trust that growing out of these evils, the benefit will ere long arise, that *Christians* at least will learn humility, and contentment with an ordinary blessing on ordinary means; that the desire of riches gotten at *any rate*, will not be their ruling desire; and that they will fear before the judgments of God, and return to him with penitence, a willingness to live according to their means, or perhaps below them, and find their happiness in more substantial things; in a word, that they will pass through these scenes, 'as seeing Him who is invisible,' and in prospect of the ultimate reckoning."

"June 16. . . . . O the sad state of our country—of the world! What sobriety of spirit becomes the Christian. Our worldliness and sin are in every way rebuked. Whether we receive the chastisement and profit by it, is another question. Our closets should now bear witness for us, that we are the people of God. O to be found

among the *hidden ones*, whose cry is regarded by the Hearer and Answerer of prayer."

"July 19. Yesterday morning, when Willie felt very sick, he asked me, of his own accord, if I would not pray with him. How pleasant are all such indications of the Spirit's drawing on the hearts of children."

"Jan. 2, 1838. My best wishes for you and yours, dear brother and sister, at the opening of the year; in which I include a desire, that a kind Providence may give you so much temporal prosperity as will be safe for you, and consistent with your glorifying Him, in it and by it; and especially a desire for all spiritual blessings. These last you cannot possess too largely. Be encouraged to *seek* and *strive* for their descent also on your children. Let not the idea that they are *so young*, hinder your faith, and prayers, and labors to this end. Let not their volatility, or any developement of their native depravity, discourage you. Remember, that they are by nature sinners, and must be sanctified, or they cannot be objects of the divine complacency, however interesting they may be to you and their other friends. Your responsibilities as parents are great; you cannot throw them off; you must therefore seek divine aid that you may duly meet them. I believe few parents (perhaps none) receive so great a benefit, as the early sanctification of their children, without great faithfulness in duty on their part. How rich is the blessing, when, in the season of childhood, is begun that work which is to ripen into everlasting life.

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"Yesterday was observed here as a day of prayer for the conversion of the world to Christ. Prayers and ad-

dresses occupied the day, and in the evening there was a discourse."

"Jan. 26, 1839. Be assured I am not at all jealous of your want of brotherly interest. I have always thought, and still think, that there are few if any brothers that take so much interest in the welfare of their sisters, as you have ever manifested. Apart from self-interest, I consider this a fine trait of character wherever it is possessed, and as indicative of many other existing excellencies."

"Feb. 4. This is my third sitting down to write this letter, and I must hasten lest I be interrupted the fourth time. We have had callers most of the time since I commenced it at 3 o'clock this afternoon, and it is now nearly 7 in the evening. . . . . I need to be stronger than I am, to take my part in the labors and responsibilities that devolve on us, as well as to possess more of every Christian grace. How sad is it, to live in this world on God's constant bounty, and be only cumberers of the ground. How anxious should we be to abound in usefulness, both to the bodies and souls of our fellow-men."

"Dec. 31. I seat myself to employ the fleeting moments of a *closing year* in conversing with you. . . . . In how many ways is God reminding us of the feeble hold we have on this mortal life. *We* have been uncommonly visited in the remote branches of our family of late. May we so reflect on these things as to be profited. May our secret places of prayer witness for us, that we are faithful in seeking God, and in our preparation for heaven, whenever called to the close of life.

"What fearful dispensations have been witnessed on

our coast of late. The funeral solemnities of *eight* persons, shipwrecked on Plumb Island, and washed ashore, were attended yesterday. The church was densely crowded, and the occasion deeply solemn. I hope that this warning from the ocean will not be in vain."

"Oct. 1, 1840. When the Lord permits any thing to afflict us, 'in mind, body, or estate,' he would that we should derive from it particular benefit. Who is there in this tempting, deceitful world, who does not need frequent purification from its defilements? And what is better suited to perform this work, than trials? They make us look about us and within us. They remind us that earth is not an enduring satisfying portion, and that uncertainty attends all earthly good. And if, after they have done their work, we are again put in possession of quietude and prosperity, they prepare us for a higher and more rational enjoyment of future blessings.

"Having been out considerably for a week or two, and exposed more than usual, I have been quite unwell. Indeed, I have had a pretty diligent summer. I hope I have been able to do some good, but how little compared with what there is to be done. I have been suspecting, for some time, that I might have an interruption of my health and activity, from the fact that I was enjoying so much. And if it has come, what have I to complain of? Nothing. Submission becomes me, as well as every creature, under the perfect government of a perfect God. While I am so desirous for the sanctification of others, He knows how to use means for mine. I pray I may not defeat so holy an end."

"Nov. 1841. I find occasion now and always to sustain myself with high and exalted views of the govern-

ing providence of God, and to labor after entire satisfaction with the events transpiring and in prospect. If for a moment I remove from this foundation, I find my faith drooping, and I am sad. But while resting here, my spirit is light and joyful."

"Jan. 4, 1842. The more I have to do with children, [she had now three under her care,] the more am I impressed with the responsibility of the parental relation, and the blessings which may be expected in connection with parental faithfulness. May we all be found faithful and successful. May all our children be the Lord's."

"April 21. Dear brother and sister, *labor* for the sanctification of your children, as you would hope to look back upon life with satisfaction hereafter. Children need a great deal of counsel and encouragement to become pious. If they have this, with much prayer in their behalf, I believe their sanctification will ordinarily be early commenced. It will be one evidence of the hastening on of the latter-day glory of the church, when children, in large numbers, shall be seen flocking to Christ."

"May 16. Your letter, informing us of dear Georgie's death, reached us on our return from church, and from the communion-table, where I had been endeavoring to remember him, and other dear ones, and petitioning that he, with them, might share in a Saviour's love. You had been expecting the event for some time; but even that cannot much alleviate the pain. May you find solace in God."

"June 13. Since the departure of your dear little one, does not heaven appear nearer, and more like a reality?

Such impressions are healthful to the soul, and should be retained and cherished amidst the dangerous bustle of this busy ensnaring world."

"Sept. 5. This is dear Julia's birth-day, completing her eighth year. O how I desire that the work of sanctification may now be begun in her heart! What a tremendous thought it is, that every child has before it an eternal existence—of good or of evil. This is the truth, and we cannot evade it. There is nothing half-way under the government of God. O that our children may secure *early*, that good part which shall never be taken from them. All other interests and acquirements are as nothing, in comparison with this."

"Dec. 26. What a variety of instrumentalities does God use, to draw our thoughts upward, and prepare us for another scene of things, in all his works, as well as in all his word, saying, 'Behold *me!* Behold *me!*' It is important that we listen to this voice, and that we be often thinking of heaven, and contemplating its probable employments, that we may be fitted to attain its blessedness."

"May 29, 1843. I keep thinking of dear departed Georgie, as though I must send love to him, (as well as to the rest.) But no; he is, I trust, on his course of high and holy education in the heavens. God can take care of little ones committed to him."

"Aug. 21. Dear brother, having returned from our journey, I would give you some brief account of our adventures, and particularly inform you that I ascended to the top of Mount Washington. We arrived at the White

Mountains on Saturday; passed the Sabbath at the Notch House, where we had public worship, with the family and servants of the house, and a company of fellow visiters, in all, some twenty-five in number. I had not supposed it possible that I should ascend the mountains, never having been on a horse to ride more than twice in my life, and not at all for more than twenty-five years, and my nerves not having iron enough in their composition to justify my engaging in such enterprises. But so it was, I went. And surely it needs a sound head to look up these dizzy heights, and down these dizzy depths, and a nerve of no small firmness of texture to be perfectly quiet amidst such bold scenery, and such surrounding dangers. But when we had planted our feet on Mount Washington's top-stone, and looked forth from its towering eminence on the surrounding sea of mountains, we were recompensed for our perils and our pains. After refreshment, and an hour of feasting the eye with this grandest of prospects I had ever seen, our company, twelve in number, gathered into a circle, and sung the 117th Psalm, L. M., 'From all that dwell below the skies," &c. to the tune of Old Hundred. I felt like prostrating myself amid so many tokens of majesty, and found myself almost involuntarily exclaiming, in the words of the impassioned Massillon, 'GOD ALONE IS GREAT!' We then gave a farewell look at the outspread scene and the objects which had so deeply interested us, and commenced our descent. After an absence of about eleven hours, we were again at our hotel. The fatigue and excitement were great, but I believe none regretted they had been endured. God prepare us to dwell in the mount of his holiness, the mount Zion above!"

"Sept. 11. 'In the sweat of thy face,' was the original

decree of Him who could not but frown on man's apostasy. And you and I must have our share in the weary inheritance, seeing we are partakers in the disobedience. But, without complaining, we will endeavor to 'make the curse a blessing prove.' If, by the varied toils and pains of life we can learn wisdom, and increase in humility and piety, so as not to fail of the unalloyed and enduring good of the higher inheritance, we shall have cause of eternal joy. We must try to keep heaven more in our eye, and think less of earth as our home."

"Sept. 28. What a rush does our world present—what competitions and strifes? Yet, amidst the whole, and by means of it, God, the universal Ruler, is carrying on his plans, and accomplishing his purposes, with infinite composure and unerring certainty. We have only to pursue duty, and adhere to right principles, and we shall be on the track to eternal safety and happiness. What a government is that of God,—how secure is every interest in his hands!"

"Feb. 26, 1844. The anniversary of our dear sister Susan's departure to other scenes. How vividly are the circumstances of that scene, though sixteen years ago, still present to my mind. It was an instance of the sublimity of the Christian's dying-bed,—seeming rather *an escape from mortality*, than *dying*."

"July 1. [The wedding of a colored girl who had lived with her.] Dear sister, I have not seen the bride since receiving your letter, to give her your congratulations and present, but probably shall in the course of the day. She was married last Thursday evening, and we all attended. We had a very pleasant wedding. I should

think more than fifty were present. The bride was dressed in a thin white muslin, made tastefully, a white band around her head, white shoes and gloves, with the usual accompaniments of laces, ribbons, &c. All agreed that she looked very prettily. According to appearances, she has done remarkably well in the choice of a husband; and I hope it will be for their mutual happiness."

To the foregoing may be added extracts from Letters, written at various times, to her eldest adopted daughter. Those letters, entirely unlabored, are flowing and easy, sprightly and abounding in expressions of the tenderest affection. The prudential maxims contained in them might be quoted, and the whole manner and spirit of them would be considered an agreeable model of this kind of writing. Of the religious breathings which pervade them, the following may be taken as specimens. The first, without date, is designed for encouragement.

"My dear child,—Do not let us too much regret the past. Let us rather endeavor to improve by the experience we have had, and enjoy the many blessings we still possess. Let us take such a view of them as shall show our thankfulness, so that our heavenly Father may continue them to us. We may grieve his love, if we overlook them. We must try not to be selfish. Selfishness is the sin of our nature; and O how much trouble does it cause the Christian, before it is entirely subdued. But Christ can help us. I rejoice that you are not left without some consolation from your dear Saviour.

'In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope *repel the dart*,
That JESUS *bears us on his heart.*'

"Let us comfort ourselves with this thought,—If *He* be for us, who can be against us? He cares for the *feeblest* of his flock. You ask me to pray for you. This I cannot help doing. My devout aspirations are, that you may be devoted to God's service, and made happy both here and forever."

"July 9, 1840. How anxious ought we to be, constantly to grow in grace; and to this end we must do many little things, as well as great ones, and watch against sin in every particular. . . . I have read considerable since you left, and have been thinking much of the conversion of the world. You and I must do more to help on this great work, or we shall be ashamed in heaven, if we ever get there."

"March 25, 1841. [Referring to the death of Rev. William Bradford Homer.] Heaven is constantly receiving the best of earth's inhabitants. How happy must the place, the society, the employments be! How careful should we be to cultivate those dispositions, and those only, which will prepare us to join the glorious company, and enter, with all the vigor of renovated powers, into that blessed world."

"April 30, 1842. [Referring to a child apprehended near death.] We trust we shall have your united prayers, that, through the peace-speaking blood of atonement, and the sanctifying influences of the Spirit, he may be accepted, and placed among the millions of ransomed infants, which, we believe, compose so large a part of the family of heaven. I hope you will feel easy about me. Remember Dr. Watts's lines,

'The poisoned air
Grows *pure*, if Israel's God be there.'"

"June 24, 1842. I hope you are in safety, and I know you are in the hands of God, and that He watches to do you good. And I do hope you are endeavoring to serve him, and are trying to keep your heart in his fear."

"July 3, 1843. My prayer ascends for you *oftener than daily*. Your health and happiness lie very near my heart. In the confidence of faith I would commend you entirely to God. I hope your own heart is daily towards him. Every intimation of your love and service of him, rejoices me more than I can well express. Of all acquisitions, that of *growth in grace* is most desirable. May it be yours!"

"June 16, 1844. He that searcheth the heart, knows how much I love you all, and how earnestly I long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ. I can never rest satisfied till I have a comfortable evidence that every one of you is 'born again.'"

The following lines were transcribed by her, as expressive of the sentiment which she wished her household to feel:

"Saviour, didst thou die for me?
Then how holy should I be!
Consecrate be every power,
Every moment, every hour.
With thy presence fill my heart;
Never from the place depart.
Wheresoe'er my path shall lead,
Or amid what scenes I tread,
Let thy Spirit's radiant light
Guard me, *guide* me, keep me right.

Let thy kingdom's progress be
My supreme felicity,
Till I heavenly bliss attain,
With my Saviour God to reign."

The following extracts are of a miscellaneous character. They seem proper to be inserted, as a carrying out of the general view thus far presented.

To a friend on the danger of cherishing false religious hope.

"Nov. 18, 1829. While rejoicing in the good work which is now in progress among you, the thought crosses my mind, that it is possible that some may only run well for a time, and then (painful possibility) lose their interest in spiritual things, return to earth as their portion, dishonor their Saviour, miss of heaven, and perish forever! Oh how careful should beginners in religion be, to build on the only sure and abiding foundation; how careful that their repentance, their faith, their love, their devotedness to their Saviour, be genuine and true, such as will lead to a uniform, consistent, and holy life, with perseverance unto the end. Forgive me if I seem to have too much solicitude on this subject. I have been somewhat connected with scenes of this kind. I have witnessed many who have run well, and the end of whose race has been undoubted happiness and glory. But *some* have *failed*, have *fallen*. And oh the pang of grief that is felt at such a result! the dishonor that is brought on Christ and his cause! the triumph of the enemies of the cross!"

"July 5, 1832. We have fallen on days in which sins and judgments abound. [Referring to the Asiatic Cholera, which was then spreading in our country.] But we have not come to a time when the Lord ceases to reign. Let us be thankful for this.—I wish to be perfectly calm amidst the alarming considerations which present themselves at this time. Whether I shall be able to do so, in case the evil comes near, I do not know. But I pray God, that, of his infinite and unmerited mercy, he will grant me this state of mind; for, in my case—with my natural temperament—it must come from Him or not exist at all. . . . . That this dreadful scourge takes so extensively from the ranks of the intemperate and dissipated, is a very appalling consideration to my mind. Oh how will the eternal world of wretchedness and despair receive an accession to its wo, from this desolating judgment!"

To a friend in affliction by the loss of a sister.

"Nov. 19, 1832. There is a sweet though melancholy pleasure, in respect to dear departed ones, in reflecting that we have had so much in possession to lose. Our griefs are thus assuaged at the very fountain whence they spring. . . . . How delightful is the thought, that our pious friends, by passing through the gate of death, do not cease to exist, or to serve God, but 'enter into life eternal,' and into a high and perfect service, employing all their powers to the noblest ends, and filling all their capacities with the purest bliss. The apostle says, 'Let us labor, that whether *present* or *absent* we may be accepted of him'—signifying that it is of little consequence whether we are in this world or another, if only we are accepted of the Lord."

To another friend, some time after the death of a sister.

"July 23, 1840. Dear M. A. The subject alluded to, that of spiritual intercourse between earth and heaven, is suited to remind you and myself of the *dear ones* who have left us for a better abode. Are *they* not sent forth, sometimes, at least, as ministering spirits to us, and do they not, in a high and holy manner, sympathize with us in our joys and sorrows? Not, indeed, in *such* a manner as to interrupt the bliss of their heavenly life, but in such a manner as brings the powers of that life into high activity. We will not stop to speculate *how* it is; only I think we may suppose in *some way*, they know and feel concerning us. Have you ever read 'Taylor's Theory of Another Life?' If you are fond of looking at *theories*, and weighing opinions, you would feel interested in the perusal of this book. But, at least, of the departed in Jesus, we can say this, that they are entirely free from sin, and have the presence of God and the Lamb, and are in the society of the perfect. Here we will pause, and leave them to their felicity, and return to our duties as inhabitants of earth. Let us live, honoring our Saviour, and preparing to join the glorious company!"

"Sept. 9, 1840. We had a great *Whig day* here on the 28th ultimo. Oh that our hopes and expectations may be above these inferior means, and that He that reigneth supreme may choose our rulers, and especially our chief magistrate for us, *in mercy*."

"April 28, 1843. There is so much stir and turmoil at the present day in matters of religion, that 'a retreat to the foundations of our faith' seems very necessary to

keep the mind calm and steadfast. We need to find what is *sure footing*, in distinction from the unstable sea of conjecture and wild speculation. Modesty in opinions is at present not a very popular virtue—still it is a virtue, and thus both you and I esteem it."

"Sept. 11, 1843. What a mixed scene is constantly presenting itself in our world. We have recently been called to pause, and look at the ravages of the 'merciless destroyer' on the fair form of our friend and brother Francis V. Pike. The community are deeply solemn in view of this sudden death of one so recently among us in the vigor of life. His unassuming manners, his urbanity, his sweet and lovely disposition and unfeigned piety, rise before us with new lustre, in connection with his departure. His sermons were ever particularly interesting to me—chastely written, spiritual, instructive. Oh that some spiritual blessing might arise from this dispensation. How insignificant is much that interests and agitates us here! When standing by the death-bed of a Christian friend, and looking *almost* into heaven, the things of faith rush upon our vision with a measure of their power, and we feel, for the time, their salutary influence. But how soon again earth solicits and allures—and, alas! too often prevails."

The following extract from a letter written a little more than six months before her decease, will show the state of mind with which, unconsciously, she was approaching the end of her earthly course.

"May 18, 1844. You advert to the altered state of our family, and to the increased demands it must bring upon my time, &c. . . . . As you suppose, my reading

is considerably abridged, though my appetite for it remains the same; and, it being thus, I devote leisure moments to that favorite employment, and thus try to keep along with the times as much as I can. But it seems to me that I can do nothing precisely as I used to do, because duties and events come so near together, and press so much on my time and attention. Repose seems an exotic, hard to come at, and difficult to preserve—a plant that will not flourish in my enclosure. But I must not further trespass on your sympathies.

"I regret to know the increased weakness of your eyes, and that doubts and difficulties oppress your mind. What a wonderful mercy it is, that the rays of hope and consolation ever reach our wintry hearts in this distant position which we occupy, so far from the great central fountain of light and joy! But on this subject I must hardly begin to speak, for fear that I shall transcend all bounds, if I give utterance to all I think and feel. Let me, however, exhort you, and myself, to keep the eye of faith in the right direction, and earnestly and continually cry for a supply of our deep necessities."—Having alluded to the then recent death of several missionaries, she adds, "I want to talk with you about the whole missionary enterprise, as well as other benevolent operations. What is to become of them in such poor hands as the present race of Christians? Shall we shortly have a baptism of the Holy Ghost, which shall arouse the dormant energies of the Christian church at large, and lay every thing under contribution to carry forward the kingdom of our Lord? 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!'"

CHAPTER XII.

Her last Sickness and Death — Her Character — Tributes to her Memory.

It has been already remarked that Mrs. Dimmick had never one of the firmest of constitutions. In her earliest years, she had moreover some sicknesses which probably left their effects behind. As she herself said, a year or two before her death, "I have, I suppose, ever felt the consequences of the feverish attacks which successively visited me in childhood." As she passed on in life, the activity of her mind, and her strong sympathy with occurring events, were sometimes more than her physical nature was well able to endure. This fact is brought to view by a remark of her own respecting the advice of one of her physicians: "He seemed to think it important that I should avoid severe trials of feeling; a prescription," she adds, "very difficult for me to follow."

During the latter years of her life, and particularly after the fever with which she was visited in 1831, she became subject to severe attacks of illness, which increased in frequency. About three months before her death there were manifestations of permanent disease. The malady which afflicted her was, in general terms, a liver complaint; a malady discouraging and disheartening,

above most others; attended, usually, if not with the acutest pain, yet with a high degree of more general suffering and distress.

Life is a blessing; it is sweet. Mrs. Dimmick felt that she had yet much for which to desire to live. In her family, and in the community, were blessings which, if she might, she would like still to enjoy; were duties which, if permitted, she would highly delight still to perform. The preservation of life, too, as far as practicable, is a most sacred duty—not to mention the instinctive shrinking which every sensitive mind feels at the dark scenes of dissolution. Under all these views, she made a strong effort for life; her prevailing apprehensions being, at the same time, in the other direction.

Early in September, she accompanied her husband to Andover, at the anniversary of the Theological Seminary. She felt but little interest in going; but consented in hope that the ride might be beneficial. She admired intellect, and during some of the more brilliant performances of the anniversary, she forgot herself, and entered into the scene, as on former occasions. In some interviews with friends, the case was the same; yet the feeling of illness was too deep to be permanently beguiled. She returned without benefit.

With the highest regard for the medical faculty of her own place, and the highest confidence in their skill—a regard and confidence fully concurred in by her husband and friends—it was still thought that it would afford satisfaction to add to their advice that of some eminent practitioner in the metropolis. She was absent a fortnight for this purpose. A few brief passages from letters written to her husband during this absence—he having been obliged to return to his parochial duties—will show her views and feelings at that time.

"Oct. 12, 1844. . . . . I was glad to hear that you got home safely, and that all are well. Your first inquiry will be to know how I am. I wish I had something more favorable to say, than I have. I do not know that any thing yet appears of a decidedly favorable character. My difficulties seem hard to give way. . . . . Oh to be well, and at home, and at the work I love. But I must not have one rebellious thought. I have had much sweet enjoyment of life, even amidst its perplexities and trials; and how proper it is that I should now meekly drink of the bitter cup put into my hands. But how much faith do I need in my present situation. . . . . Thanks, dear H. for your note, so full of affection. Do not be too anxious about me—it will all be right."

"Oct. 14. . . . . And what have I to report to you? Verily I know not that there is any thing of a specially encouraging nature to say. . . . . If I could see you all daily, how pleasant it would be. But this very trial [of absence from home under such circumstances], is a part of the discipline I need in passing through the wilderness. I have become entangled in some of its *thickets;* yet who can tell but I may be brought out, through the guidance of the Great Shepherd, and live yet longer to praise his name? Let us calmly leave it, satisfied that *His heart is love.* . . . . . Dear H., do not shed too many tears, nor repress any proper cheerfulness, on my account. You know it can do me no good, and I am probably in the way of duty in being here for the present."

"Oct. 17. . . . . I wish I could tell you something more encouraging. Physicians and friends think there may possibly be a *shade* of improvement. For my own part, it requires better eyes than mine to perceive

that my health is in any degree improved. In some respects I am certainly not so well. . . . . I hope the dear sisters are having a meeting to-day, and that I shall be remembered by them. 'Prayer ardent opens heaven.'"

"Oct. 19. . . . . I do not wish to be too anxious about the continuance of this poor life; yet to do our duty is of importance. . . . . Do not any of you allow too frequent or sad thoughts of me, to interrupt your comfort. I also will endeavor to be cheerful. By our mutual prayers, we may be able to call down blessings on each other, though we are *all* so unworthy to be heard. I must not write more. I was fatigued by my last.

With much love to each,

Your CATHARINE."

This seems to have been the last time she used her pen. With this affectionate subscription, she laid it aside to rest forever.

Very shortly after this she returned home. She returned without any benefit, nothing having been accomplished shedding any hope on the future. It was a trying hour. A great effort had failed. Her manner in these circumstances was truly impressive—the calm dignity with which she took leave of her friends; the silent composure with which, as the carriage passed through the city, she looked out upon the moving crowds, and upon the open shops, full of activity and life; and, at crossing the ferry, her brief survey, from the outer platform of the boat, of the shipping in the harbor, the distant eminences, and other prominent objects in that interesting panorama, and then taking her seat in the cabin, with an air seeming to say, *it is done!* Manifestly, the absorbing thought in her

mind, through all this scene, was, that she was beholding these objects for the last time. Mentally she had said to them, *farewell!* No emotion was visible in her, though others could not suppress their tears.

Returned to her home, gleams of hope would still sometimes visit her mind, that, in some way, through the providence of God blessing the means, she should find relief, and life would be continued. She was often cheerful and like herself in conversation with friends. No medical prescription was declined, however painful or irksome.

She rode out a short distance, two or three times, in pleasant weather, and the last time only about a week before her departure. At this time, in getting into the carriage she faltered and came near falling. "See!" said she, "I am growing weaker, and shall not be able to ride much more." All things were tending towards the close. About four days before her departure, there was a change. Ever quick to apprehend, she remarked at once, that she considered this the last stage of her disease—that her time had come.

Death was now full before her. And to a sensitive nature like hers, the mere *prospect* of the pangs of dissolution is formidable. It was so to her. She understood her own case with great clearness, and marked the progress of her disease—and now of her dissolution—with great precision. "We have all to die," she said to one of her attendants, "and this is it." No pin was taken from the tabernacle, but she knew of its removal—or cord loosened, but she understood whereto things were tending. The waters of Jordan, dark, and the waves swelling and angry, were distinctly in view. She feared, at first, that she could not meet the scene. Yet no murmur escaped her,

or expression of distrust. But it cost a struggle. There was a renewed flying for refuge to HIM who had appointed her the gloomy way—who, she believed, had been her *God* and *Saviour*, and would help her still. Nor was she deceived. There was a growing acquiescence and sweetness of disposition; a delightful and childlike faith and confidence becoming hourly more manifest; till, at length, the fear was removed; sweet peace and hope took its place; and a measure of triumph closed the scene. She died UNDERSTANDINGLY. No lethargy, or stupor, came to her aid. She died BELIEVINGLY, and her faith brought her PEACE.

A few of the expressions which fell from her lips, may properly be added. Under severe distress she said, "I am afraid I shall not have patience to bear this to the end. 'Why are his chariot-wheels so long in coming?'" Does it seem desirable to you to depart? it was said to her. "Yes," she replied; "but I am afraid it is to get rid of suffering." I wish I could help you, it was added; how can I? "All the help I can have," she rejoined, "is heavenward."

A little after, she repeated the line, "Short is the journey to the skies," but immediately added, "I fear sometimes it is going to be long."

At the opening light of Sabbath morning, (the day at whose close she departed,) she directed her eye upward, her countenance kindling with peculiar animation: "Oh," said she, "what a Sabbath this is in heaven! I long to get hold of it." Perhaps you will, it was said, get hold of something of it—meaning, will enjoy something of it here. She understood the remark of enjoying it there, and said, "Oh, not so soon as that," and added, "But I

must not be too anxious, or I shall be kept here a great while."

When her husband was going forth to the duties of the sanctuary,* she said, with much strength and emphasis for one in her situation: "The Lord bless you this day, and bless your discourse to the people—by mild and gentle ways sanctifying it to the church. Ask their prayers, if you please, for me; I need them. I have but one request to make; bright visions of my Saviour, and as speedy a departure to his presence as he can consistently give me, through the riches of his grace."

Speaking again of her sufferings, she said, "Oh must I lie here and suffer? My nature shrinks from suffering. If I could be dismissed at once, how desirable it would be!" She continued, "I am afraid God has seen something peculiarly out of the way in me as a Christian, that he has laid his hand so heavily on me; and I am blind to it. What is it? My friends have probably seen it plainer than I." Adding the lines from Mrs. Graham,

> "Only to me thy countenance show;
> I ask no more the Jordan through."

It was said to her, do you not know whom you have believed? "I hope so," she replied. "I do not set myself up, however, to be any uncommon Christian, either in life or in death. I am poor and imperfect."

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* It was one of the trying circumstances of the scene, that he was obliged to be at all absent from her chamber. A coincidence had occurred, which was striking. That day was precisely TWENTY-FIVE years from his ordination. He had, two or three weeks before, announced, that he would take some notice of the occasion, by a sort of QUARTER-CENTURY SERMON. The people were in expectation; and thinking that Mrs. Dimmick's continuance would yet be somewhat longer protracted, he took the time necessary for the public services of the day.

At another time she said, "If one could go into a sweet sleep, and wake up in all the happiness of heaven, how delightful it would be!" And again of her suffering, "If I am patient under it, my Saviour will be pleased, won't he? the one I wish to please."

At a moment of a little more than usual ease, as her husband was sitting beside her bed, she turned her eye toward him, and with a look and manner of peculiar interest and tenderness, said, "Won't you make haste and come to heaven?"

Waiting for her change, and feeling it near, she said, "I see a hand which none of you can see. I hear a voice which none of you can hear." Meaning, as she was understood, that she had a better perception of what was taking place, than any of us; and added,

"See the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come;
There Jesus, the Forerunner, waits,
To welcome travellers home."

Under some new sensations, indicating that dissolution was going forward—that the tabernacle was falling—she said, "It seems as though there was something more accomplishing to encourage me; and it must be borne to finish it." And shortly after, looking upward, "O BLESSED PROSPECT, THROUGH GRACE!"

She was fast sinking into the arms of death. "What makes it grow so dark?" she said, though the lamps were still burning. A little after, "My eyes are cold; I don't understand it, that they should be so cold." Let me put my hand gently over them, and see if it will not warm them a little; which was done. In a few moments, she said, "It seems to me there is a strange feeling in my fingers—something new." Shortly after, she was asked,

Do you suffer now? She replied, "No; except this strange feeling in my fingers, I am very comfortable." Nature was exhausted; it struggled no more. She recognized, for an instant, her brother, and her husband, and, with a few faint and gentle gasps, the scene was closed. When all was still, it was twelve o'clock at night.

Thus the sacred day, whose opening beams had awakened in her such aspirations for heaven, at its close, placed the freed spirit, as we trust, in the abodes of the blessed.

"In vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death;
The glories that surround a saint,
When yielding up his breath."

"The better days of life were *ours*,
The worst can be but *mine;*
The sun that cheers, the storm that lours,
Shall never more be thine."

But brighter suns thy skies illume—
The skies above thee now;
Where storm, nor cloud, shall ever come,
Nor sin, nor *fear* of wo.

There highest glories shine around,
And music floats in every sound,
Through all that spirit-land.
Thy robe is light—thy heart is free;
The crystal stream, th' immortal tree—
'Tis these regale thee now.
Thou'st gained the REST. The conquest's *made;*
The TRIUMPH's thine; and ne'er shall fade
The palm of victory in thy hand—
The chaplet on thy brow!

Mrs. Dimmick thought much of heaven. She thought of it, not merely as a place of repose, of rest; but chiefly as a place, or state, for the higher developement of intelligent natures. From the very first of her serious impressions, one of the things most prominent in her view was, that she had begun to be that conscious existence which was to continue through infinite duration. In her covenant with God, at her public profession of religion, her prayer was, "In the solemn moment of departure, give me an overcoming faith. In the judgment of the great day, may I be shielded and arrayed in the righteousness of Christ; and have some humble part assigned me among those who are to enjoy the felicities of heaven, and sing for ever the wonders of redeeming love; that the termination of my pilgrimage may be peace and UNFADING GLORY." And so substantially in many passages that flowed from her pen, as the reader has seen. All the lines of thought with her concentred and terminated in that higher and more glorious state of being. Her judgments, her plans, her movements, were regulated with reference to it. It was before her as *the goal of her being*. As she herself expressed it, "How pure will be that joy when the soul finds itself free from all that has enslaved and encumbered it on earth; its petty pleasures and trials forever dismissed and ended; every barrier to its progress in knowledge and holiness removed; and its capacity to receive and power to love correspondingly enlarged. Delightful vision! Glorious state!"

And has she not found it? Every one knows, indeed, the eagerness with which survivors desire a *Heaven* for their departed friends. The Christless, and even the vicious, are often confidently spoken of as in glory. But is there not something in the case before us, which lays the foundation for a better hope? Judging on *Christian*

principles, may not the belief be indulged, that she has passed from this earthly to a heavenly existence; that she is "before the throne;" that she has "entered into the joy of her Lord;" that

"She sings
To some new golden harp th' almighty deeds,
The names, the honors, of her Saviour God,
His cross, his grace, his victory, and his crown!"

"'Tis she, 'tis she;
Among the heavenly forms I see
The kindred mind from fleshly bondage free.
O how unlike the thing was lately seen,
Groaning and panting on the bed,
With ghastly air, and languished head!"

"The prisoner smiled to be released;
She felt her fetters loose, and mounted to her rest."

So Christ speaks of those who love him: "*Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me.*" And the Apostle: "*For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.*"

The character of Mrs. Dimmick will be sufficiently inferred from what has been exhibited in the preceding pages. She had a vigorous mind, quick and clear in its perceptions, a prompt and yet generally accurate judgment, decision and energy. She was frank and open-hearted, not knowing the art of deception. She was affable, and easily accessible by all. "To know her intimately, was

to love her." In her attachments and friendships she was ardent and constant. The lines addressed to her by another, were descriptive of her own case:

> "Not one kind effort for my good
> My soul hath e'er forgot;
> Not e'en one *wish* for health and peace,
> That I remember not."

In religion her views were comprehensive and practical. The Doctrines of the Gospel, generally denominated Evangelical, took strong hold of her mind. She had exalted conceptions of God—of his greatness, power, wisdom, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth; apprehending him as an infinite and eternal mind, all-perfect, blessed, and ever-present. She viewed the government of God, providential and moral, as the safety of the universe, and matter of the highest joy. To her eye, God was in all his works, and in all events, ordering and controlling, in his sovereignty, for the highest ultimate good of his creation. The moral law, addressing itself to the heart—a spiritual rule, taking cognizance of the thoughts and affections, of the secret motives and principles of life—was honorable and glorious in her esteem, and the standard of her judgments. This law, she viewed as reigning in heaven, and as needful to reign in all worlds, in order to their well-being.

Estimated by this law, she saw that the race of man is fallen and lost. She felt the sad fact in her own case, and beheld evidences of it in the case of others. With her it was an abiding conviction respecting the race, that, unreclaimed by grace, "they are all gone aside; they are all together become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no not one;" that all are by nature "alienated from the life of God," "under sin," "children of wrath" and "without hope." Hence the occasion for the gospel.

She believed in a Divine Saviour, who was "in the beginning with God, and was God," and "was made flesh and dwelt among us;" and who is "over all God blessed forever." She believed in his atoning blood, viewing him as "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," and the only Helper of all the ends of the earth. She believed in a Divine Sanctifier, who "takes of the things of Christ, and shows them unto men," and through whose silent but efficacious influence, men "must be born again," in order to see the kingdom of heaven. In her view, the salvation which the gospel has brought to the world is a "great salvation." In the Author of this salvation she placed her hope. His instructions were her light; his atoning blood the cover to her sins; his righteousness the robe in which she expected to appear before the throne, and at the marriage-supper of the Lamb. And this Gospel she viewed equally needful to others; the only remedy for the ills with which the world is afflicted, and the only foundation of hope for the world to come.

While she regarded thus the Doctrines of the Gospel, she connected with them the Duties appropriately growing out of them. She held not the truth as an empty speculation. She had a benevolence which embraced the race of man; and she desired the extension of the great remedy of Heaven's appointment throughout the world. She rejoiced in its success, and the blessings it confers; and had a heart to feel for those whose sufferings are unredressed by its grace; a heart,

> "which seeks another's pleasure,
> Not its own—denies itself, that others
> May enjoy; whose chords so nicely tuned, that
> At the sound of misery or wo, which
> From the depths of human degradation
> Issues forth, vibrates sympathetic notes."

She possessed livelier and deeper faith, than the generality of Christians manifest. The themes of the Bible were to her eminently realities. In the promises she rejoiced; at the terrors she trembled. Her life was a life of prayer; not in form merely, but employing in this service the deep workings of her heart. She was observing of providences; often repeating the aphorism of one of the old writers on this subject: "He that will observe providences, shall never want providences to observe." She carried into her religion her native decision of character. The current of an hour did not move her from her position. She had her fixed principles; and to them she adhered, and would make any sacrifice, rather than seem to deny or forget the truth or cause of her Saviour. She had high views of the Christian profession, and aimed at consistency of life as a disciple of Jesus; studied to understand what is becoming in one in such a position, and endeavored to maintain it in her practice. She was a cheerful Christian, nothing of gloom surrounding her. It was a sort of proverb, or golden sentence, with her, adopted from another: "Cheerful, without levity; serious, without gloom." Her activity—always having an high object to live for, and always living for it—kept her mind in a healthful state. "I always," she said, "have my hands and heart full of employment." She loved the people in the midst of whom the providence of God had placed her. She loved them all. She felt a deep interest in the church; in its purity, in its peace, in its progress. She had no separate interest of her own, which she set up as paramount to the welfare of Zion. Her station to her was no sinecure, which she held for personal advantage, unmindful of the good of others. All that she had, and all that she was, she held subordinate to the grand interest of her Redeemer's kingdom; for

which she felt it her duty, and her honor, to live; and in living for which, as she did—she used up the resources of her constitution, and passed away to her rest.

It is the remark of a distinguished and successful clergyman, in one of our largest cities, speaking of the *ministry*, and its many labors, "No minister, in any of our cities or considerable towns, can, at this day, meet the claims of a people upon him, in the pulpit, and in pastoral offices, together with all public duties, and sustain himself through a protracted period, without shortening his life." So a clergyman's wife can hardly be expected to enter into the duties of her station, feeling her responsibilities, and sympathizing with all the interests with which she stands connected, without experiencing some tendencies to a like result. Upon a minister, and upon a minister's wife, *every one* has a claim; and the aggregate claim of all, is often immensely greater, and more wearing, than any one imagines. "A minister's wife," said Mrs. Dimmick to a friend, soon after entering on the station, "needs to be every thing that is good, for every good thing almost is expected of her."

After Mrs. Dimmick's departure, several friends, in letters of sympathy, expressed their estimate of her character. A female friend bears testimony to her devotedness, as follows:

"I have attended her to the cottages of the poor, and witnessed her kind endeavors to lead them to Him, 'who giveth grace and glory.' I have called with her on the opulent and gay; have entered with her the solemn inquiry meeting; have heard her fervent appeals,

her urgent invitations to souls, to seek Him of whom Moses and all the prophets did write. Both before and after these calls, I have seen her bend before the mercy-seat, and humbly plead for the shedding forth of the Spirit upon all with whom she held intercourse.—Many good things have I known her to originate and devise, and thus employ her happy, versatile genius, in quickening and drawing forth the gracious affections and energies of God's children."

Another female acquaintance and friend says:

> "'I mourn her, but I praise her not—
> Glory to God be given!'

"I have long considered this an appropriate motto in relation to the dead, whom we strongly loved. Yet perhaps it may not be amiss in me to make a remark in the present case; and particularly in regard to what always struck me very forcibly in Mrs. Dimmick's character—I mean her *versatility*—not partaking, in the remotest degree, of fickleness; but the power of changing easily her occupation as occasions required, without being thrown into confusion or embarrassment. This trait has often impressed me. I have wondered at the degree in which she possessed it, and at what it enabled her to accomplish. While so much mental power was given to the canvassing of deeper subjects—so much to reading which required close application—while so many and various parochial concerns strongly engaged her mind and heart—while her family received its rightful and elevated share of her care and love—I have been surprised at her possession of so large a share of general useful knowledge—at her familiarity with works of intellectual taste and lighter

literature—at her unostentatious exhibition of much practical taste in all the numerous and diverse concerns which came within the sphere of her action; and all these simultaneously with due portions of polite and cordial attention to her friends and acquaintances. I have with equal admiration observed that real sympathizing sensibility, which was expanded to the utmost boundary of human suffering with which she was acquainted, and even associated itself yet more vigorously with the future, eternal destiny of all her race, whether known or strangers. Considering the delicacy of her physical constitution, I I have wondered that she could feel and accomplish so much."

Another has observed:

"In reflecting on her life, it has appeared to me, that, comparing it with others, it was distinguished for piety; that her influence fell like the dew, noiseless, yet all-pervading. She had, I think, a brilliant imagination, connected with a great deal of native heroism; which last, however, was kept rather in check by a delicate constitution, and a lively sense of what was lovely and feminine."

In other letters are like passages. A young ministerial friend remarks,—"Shall we no more in this world behold the erect form, listen to the cheerful voice, or join in the sweet converse, of the firm, consistent, affectionate friend and Christian?"

Another friend observed: "You have, my dear sir, for many years, been eminently blessed in your ministerial labors, with the sympathy and co-operation of one, who, in no ordinary measure, afforded, in her whole life,

a full realization of the term 'help meet' for a Christian minister."

Another, a ministerial friend, remarked: "Few, very few, of her sex; possessed such a combination of excellencies, especially for a minister's wife, as Mrs. Dimmick. . . . . Your heavenly Father loaned you one of his best gifts."

One other testimony of this kind may be given. It is from a ministerial friend, who passed a Sabbath at her house, on exchange with her husband, the latter part of the summer of 1844—about four months previous to her decease.

"I could not fail," he says, "to observe the solemn stillness which pervaded her house during the whole Sabbath; a stillness that comported beautifully with the spirit and the occupations of holy time. I was also impressed with her accurate knowledge of the wants which a preacher feels on the Sabbath. She appeared to know, without any intimation on my part, just when I needed solitude, and when society would be agreeable; when I should be inclined to hear conversation, and when to converse myself. She knew how to anticipate my wishes, and to make the arrangements of her household conduce to the comfort of the preacher, and especially to his fitness for the services of the pulpit. In a hundred ways, each too minute to be specified, she gave evidence of the interest she took in the duties of the sacred profession, and of the thoughtfulness which she habitually exercised in regard to the proper performance of those duties. She could tell, when asked, on what themes it were best to preach, and from what discussions it were prudent to ab-

stain; what incitements to duty were needed, and how it were advisable to administer reproof or consolation.

"Nor was it merely for the parish with which she herself was connected, that she manifested an intelligent and studious regard. She had evidently thought much of the general state of the churches, their dangers, hopes and prospects; of the best methods for promoting the intellectual, moral and religious welfare of this and other lands.

"She was a discreet woman in her speech, but hesitated not to express her decided convictions, whenever the expression of them could be useful. In fact, she seemed to be a *minister's wife;* to be living for the church of Christ; to be watchful for opportunities of doing good; to be a woman of deliberate judgment, of forethought, of wisdom, of constancy in friendship, of consistency in life, of a prudent, uniform and persevering zeal in the service of Him for whom she lived on earth, and in whose presence, I trust, she still lives and will abide forever.

"I shall long remember her circumspection, good sense, and Christian kindness, as evinced in my interviews with her on the Sabbath alluded to; and I hope that her example may for years to come be profitable to the church and community with which she was connected."

Some more special tributes to the memory of Mrs. Dimmick were offered soon after her departure. The following was from the pen of Rev. William Allen, D. D., of Northampton. It appeared in the Boston Recorder

at the time, and is here slightly amended by the author's own hand.

On the Death of Mrs. Catharine M. Dimmick.

[Mrs. Dimmick was the model of a minister's wife; a cheerful, wise, unwearied toiler in the same good work, to which her companion has long been devoted—that of promoting the kingdom of truth, and holiness, and charity on the earth. Her end was peace. In the following lines, a selfish, worldly, unbelieving, dying woman, may be regarded as uttering the 1st, 3d, 5th and 7th stanzas, as the language of unbelief and foreboding fear; and Mrs. Dimmick as uttering the 2d, 4th, 6th, and 8th stanzas in response, as the language of faith, and triumph.]

TO DIE.

1.

To die! 'tis thought of gloom!
In solitary bark to leave the shore,
And all earth's glorious things to see no more;
My harbor in the tomb!

2.

To die! 'tis thought of joy!
My guide-star Bethlehem's star of cloudless light,
Unimaged wonders breaking on my sight;
My haven in the sky!

3.

To die! 'tis fearful thought!
The shroud, the coffin, and the narrow bed;
To moulder into dust with all the dead;
To be a thing of nought!

4.

To die! 'tis rapturous thought!
The untrammell'd spirit mounting to a throne,
(The crumbled frame built up at last,) life won,
Pure, heavenly bliss, long sought!

5.

To die! O mournful day!
Torn from the friends I love—from parent, child,
From gladsome husband—every face that smiled;
To greedy worms a prey!

6.

To die! O glorious day!
To join the bright, blest company above,
In Jesus' presence—with the God of love;
And there to dwell for aye!

7.

To die! O dreadful hour!
Probation's close, and yet my work undone;
The day of mercy o'er—heaven's good unwon;
Unsaved from evil power!

8.

To die! Most welcome hour!
My Saviour come; the end of holy strife;
Pardon! blood-bought reward! the crown of life!
Sweet joys forevermore!

The following was from a highly esteemed female friend, between whom and Mrs. Dimmick there had been an early and continued friendship, and who, besides the lines communicated speaks of Mrs. Dimmick in these words: "I have ever regarded her as the the best model of a minister's wife within the circle of my acquaintance."

I look to heaven, and joy to hail thee,
Safe arrived *at home.* Possessed forever there
Of a blessed mansion in thy Father's house
Which love divine prepared, then made thee meet
To dwell therein. Thou'lt add another note
Of rapture to that song, in ecstacy now felt

By those who having wandered far
From Him who made them, and that claimed their love,
Have wept o'er sin, and in perfection full
Known what it is to be *redeemed* and *saved.*

The hands, that, pierced on Calvary, poured forth
For thee atoning blood, thy woes have healed—
Wiped from thine eyes all tears, and *thou art blessed;*
Blest in release from all the cares and woes
None fail to know who go from *earth* to heaven;
Blest in full vision of His face, whom when
Unseen thou lovedst; above all other blessings,
Blest in the glorious likeness of thy God!

Many with joyous welcomings have hailed
Thy coming, who, when here on earth enjoyed
With thee the fellowship of saints. And now,
Blest with restored communion, sweet and holy,
Together ye shall look into the height,
And length, and breadth, and depth, of love unmeasured,
Which sought thee lost, and brought thee *safely Home.*

The death of Mrs. Dimmick created a deep sensation in the community where she had resided. Her funeral was numerously attended, the church being filled with a deeply solemn assembly. The following lines, by a friend, allude to the scene.

"Not lost, but gone before."

O no, it cannot be, that this cold clay,
Is all that was our friend! That upturned eye,
And marble hand, and closed, and livid lip,
And this deep silence, tells that he, whose name
Is the Destroyer, has been busy here,
With his most fearful work. His hand has traced
In characters most legible on this dear form,
The lines of ruin, and the time has come,

When "dust to dust," must now be yielded up.
Well—let it be so! Grave, receive thy trust,
We yield the casket to thy faithful care,
Now that the precious gem it lately held,
Has been secured; and as our weeping eye
Takes the last look, our earnest prayer shall be,
Let us not murmur, but in faith go forth,
And hide in earth's dark chambers, that alone
O'er which the tyrant could have any power.
But where's the gem? where that immortal mind,
Imperishable, and never dying—which so late
Dwelt in this prison house? Is it now reset
In God's own diadem—shining forth above,
Like some bright star of wondrous magnitude,
Reflecting forth his praise, amid the ranks
Of heavenly worshippers? Is the spirit's place,
In far off worlds,—or regions, so remote
From our dark earth, that even not a ray
From all its burning glory, can descend
To light our darkness, or instruct our hearts
About the joys of heaven? Does death dissolve
All ties of Christian fellowship, and break the chain
Of holy union, making thus a void
Between the church above—and that below?
Does the bright vision on the heavenly plains,
The endless anthem, and the boundless bliss
Of all the ransomed, so enchain the soul
In untold rapture, that this speck of earth
Has no attractions, and its dwellers seem
As very nothingness? Away the thought,
My heart forbid its entrance! well I know
That she, who loved our Zion—she whose heart
Was so devoted to her Master's cause—
She, whose ardent prayers so often had gone forth
In holy wrestling, and whose winning voice,
So oft had plead with sinners, to repent
And come to Jesus, cannot yet forget
Her field of labor. Here, she toiled,
And wore her life away, in hopes to raise
Some plants for heaven; and when her hopes
Were oft defeated—and the hardened soul,

Turned from the Sun of righteousness, and went
In paths not leading to the Saviour—the deep pang,
Drank up her spirits, shook her feeble frame,
And sank like daggers to her very heart.
She feels that pang no more! But we believe,
Her interest is not lessened. Though her will
Is all absorbed in God's most holy will,
Still she remembers Zion, and she waits
An answer to her prayers; and still
Remembers those, who gathered once to ask
The way to heaven, when the Spirit's voice
Had spoken to their conscience, and their feet
Had *almost entered*, on that narrow path,
Which leads the traveller, onward—upward—home.
Nor is that little nursery—the Sabbath School,
Forgotten by its leader; well she loved,
The lambs within that fold, and labored long
For their salvation, and on them she placed
Full many a towering hope; she looked to see
Them giving all their strength in future days
To build the church of Christ; and much she strove
To write upon their memories, those living truths,
Which God's own word had spoken—hoping yet to reap
The harvest of her labor, and behold
Those lambs as ransomed by a Saviour's blood.
The Choir is not forgotten—those who lead
In God's high praises. She had prayed
Often and earnestly, that the tuneful band
Whose music soothed her soul, might one day stand
On Sion's mount, and strike a golden harp,
And swell the song of victory, to Him
Who died to save them, and who lives to bless.
There 's no disruption of the sacred tie
Of home affection; though around that hearth,
Nor in that chamber, will her pleasant voice
Be heard again, yet truly we believe
That spirits freed from earth's incumbrances,
And made all holy, do not burst away
From right affections, which they cherished here.
Death cannot touch the spirit, it but wrecks
The mortal dwelling, that the unbound soul,

Free and unfettered, and enlarged, may act
In its own sphere, and do a greater work,
For God, and heaven, and souls, than it could do
While here it lingered. She yet lives, and loves
All those who loved the Saviour, and the household band,
If found in Jesus, surely still may feel
That they are not forgotten.

* * * * * *

But see—the mournful crowd are gathering round,
To take the farewell look! Oh, could those lips
Now sealed in silence, speak but one word more;
One word to each—what would its import be?
'*Remember—there's a world beyond the grave,*
Where we shall meet again!' God grant
This parting scene be not in vain! God grant
His Holy Spirit now may come and bring
The long sought blessing. May the hardened heart
Repent, and break; and Christians, waking up
From their long slumbers, feel again the flame
Of love and holy zeal; and may this place,
A Bochim now—be soon a place of praise,
Where many ransomed ones shall come to raise
Their Ebenezer—and a strain go forth,
Reaching to heaven, so that seraph harps
Shall love to join the melody, and she,
The *lately risen*, shall bend down to catch
The joyful tidings, from the angel bands
Who watch on Zion, that in her loved field
Of recent labor, sinners are redeemed—
The Saviour honored—and the church of God
Enlarged and purified.

Over the grave of Mrs. Dimmick has been placed a handsome monument; on the *front* of which is the inscription following:

MRS. CATHARINE M. DIMMICK,

WIFE OF REV. L. F. DIMMICK,

Born at Norwich, Conn., January 27, 1793;
Deceased December 8, 1844,
Æt. 51.

—

Faithful in the relations of life, and in the service of her Redeemer.

—

This Monument is erected to her Memory by the Ladies of the North Church and Society, Newburyport.

On the *left* side, is the aspiration with which she *entered* upon the duties of the station she occupied; "[1820.] I EARNESTLY IMPLORE GRACE TO MAINTAIN CONSTANT ACTIVITY IN THE SERVICE OF CHRIST."

On the *right* side, the words she uttered a few hours before her departure; "[1844, Dec. 8.] I HAVE BUT ONE REQUEST TO MAKE; BRIGHT VISIONS OF MY SAVIOUR, AND AS SPEEDY A DEPARTURE TO HIS PRESENCE AS HE CAN CONSISTENTLY GIVE ME, THROUGH THE RICHES OF HIS GRACE."

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